Masmid

1952

MASMID

1952

In Dedication

RABBI DR. SAMUEL BELKIN
President, YESHIVA UNIVERSITY

to a man whose devoted interest in the intellectual and moral development of Yeshiva's students springs from his profound faith in the eternal values of Torah and his lofty conviction that Yeshiva University must assume a dynamic and creative role in shaping the future of traditional Judaism in America.

Dear Graduates:

Today, when you are leaving the ivory tower of this academic institution for the world of practical realities, you must be prepared to take continuous examinations without the help of teachers and spiritual guides. For in your daily experiences you will be met with unexpected problems and circumstances and your future success will depend on your ability to take advantage of the knowledge which you acquired here in order to give the proper answers to conditions and circumstances as they suddenly arise. Many of you will forget the particulars of the subjects which you have studied here, but all of you should remember the totality of your education which developed in you an intellectual attitude and an appreciation of spiritual values which are, indeed, the most vital parts in a man's education. A real education is one which helps in the developing of the total personality of the individual, not only part of man but the whole man. The type of education which emphasizes only some intellectual aspects of man and neglects his spiritual needs produces a lop-sided individual.

Above all remember that Man's chief virtues consist of honest and courageous convictions, and his refusal to yield to the temptations of expediencies and material opportunities. For every conviction which we hold dear we have an obligation which we must perform, and for every moral and spiritual value that we wish to preserve we must do so even at the sacrifice of physical comfort.

I have abiding faith that you will govern your lives by the standards of the Torah and by your American way of life, and that you will consider your education as a means to a greater end—towards consecrated service to G-d and our fellow men.

I congratulate you and wish you well-being, and well-doing.

Sincerely yours,

Samuel Belkin
President

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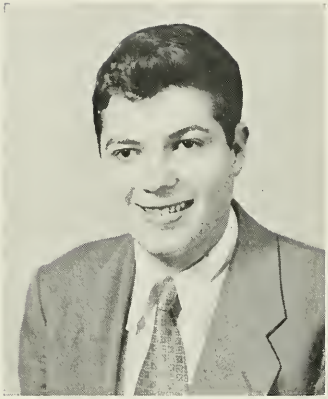
Sol Steinmetz
Literary Editor



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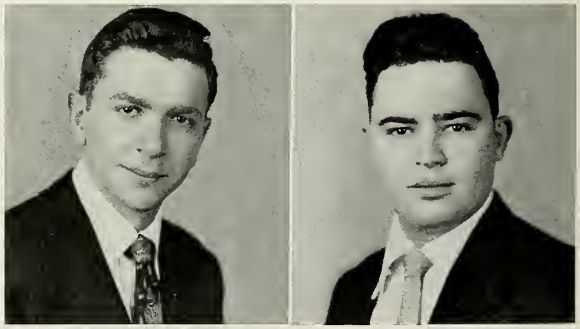

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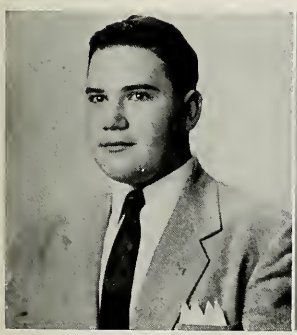

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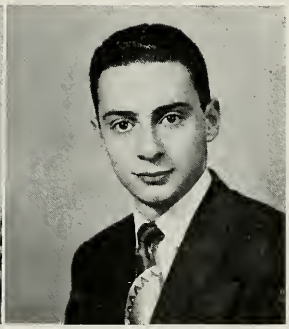

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Dear Graduates:

The Masmid is the last and lasting record of a student's sojourn in Yeshiva College. When looked at in years to come, the publication will bring back quick and touching memories of the people and things that made up the class of '52. May these memories be pleasant ones, and if in a few minor details painful, may Time blur them out of focus.

Yeshiva College tries its best to give its students in the space of four all-too-short years a supply of necessary, though intangible, equipment to take with them on the road to achievement and happiness in the community and the nation. It is double the amount which the ordinary college gives, and looks to the great responsibility of leadership which Yeshiva College expects of its graduates. In 1952 our graduates are stepping out into a world far more beset with complicated problems calling for wise leadership, than at any time within recallable memory. The war years seemed difficult as we lived through them, but now the years just ahead promise an even greater challenge to every individual, most particularly to the educated one. The Alma Mater is very proud of the high standard of leadership set by the predecessors of the Class of '52 and anticipates that the total, which will be just short of one thousand this June, will be a mighty force for Orthodoxy and an inspiration for all American citizenship. Therein lies the reward to the Alma Mater, its source of pride and abiding satisfaction.

Sincerely yours,

Moses Legis Isaacs
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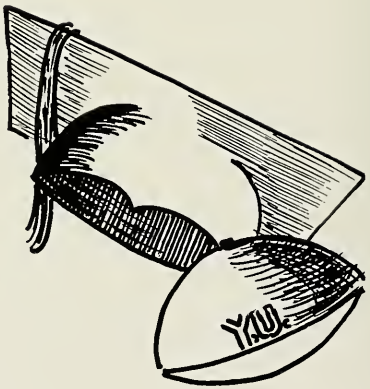
Associate Professor of Physical Education and Director of Student Activities

Classes



Freshmen

I. M. Antelman, J. Wallin, E. Jaffe, H. Kressel, B. Linder, H. Prager, M. Sundell, N. Teitlebaum, F. Pearlmutter, R. Schuchalter, S. Ingber, H. Isaacs, J. Gross, A. Borow, M. Green, G. Kafka, H. Liebowitz.

II. J. Brezak, I. Pechman, L. Green, N. Liss, M. Richter, J. Green, V. Hochower, B. Lieber, H. Lefkowitz, E. Horn, L. Katz, A. Weissman, S. Karnbluth, R. Kotkes, A. Bruckenstein, R. Huttler, I. Sherman, H. Treitman, H. Hartman, G. Davidowitz, A. Resisa, F. Kahane, B. Hoenig, S. Berger, N. Israel.

III. J. Orlian, E. Cahen, J. Malks, M. Antelman, D. Moses, F. Horowitz, A. Cohen, W. Pruzansky, J. Sandler, N. Intrator, H. Lerner, S. Slayer, G. Metzger, O. Kratzer, J. Wallerstein, M. Barillman, P. Cleeman, B. Lerner, A. Krochmal, S. Foug, J. Mogilner, A. Rosenberg, J. Shalon, B. Broyde, M. Griss, A. Davis, I. Rosner, C. Freundlich, M. Gold, C. Bersching, M. Rubinstein, I. Zuckerman, H. Spear, H. Prager, H. Karten.

Sophomores

E. Schatz, S. Bramson, A. Metzger, A. Morduchowitz, M. Heller, H. Schidlovsky, J. Balsom, S. Rudoff, B. Sohn, I. Suna, R. Reichman, M. Rosen, D. Heisler, E. Frankel, M. Rechtschaffer, J. Mann.

Juniors

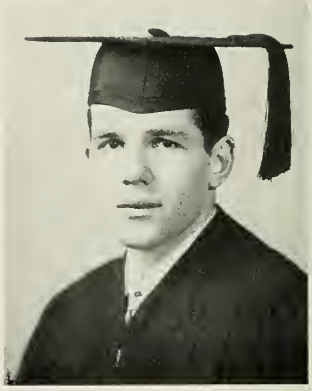
L. Burack, J. Tennenberg, S. Shiff, D. Rogoff, M. Grajower, D. Mostofsky, D. Miller, C. Kleinman, M. Gordon, S. Raskin, A. Gorellick, W. Millen, H. Agress, J. Danishevsky, D. Miller, G. Rosenthal, A. B. Eckstein, H. Spiera, A. Basch, O. Mond, N. Toporovsky, E. Jakubowitz, B. Pshoter, S. Bahn, N. Walles, I. Witty, M. Brickman, S. Mandlebaum, S. Tonnin, J. Adelman.

Leonard Aronson

Our busy artist from New Britain, Connecticut, graduated from Talmudical Academy High School after moving to Brooklyn and finding that there were the better trees to be painted. Much of his early work appeared on the Teachers' Institute bulletin board, but after June, 1951, when he learned of his graduation from this institution, he concentrated his talents upon college activities. Len has been a star of "Home of the Brave" for the last three years and hopes that after his graduation from Yeshiva, he may continue to do so. If he can't, he'll be a clinical psychologist.

Simon L. Auster

Simple Simon, alias Hamster-boy, is the only member of the senior class who has distinguished himself by his unilateral cultivation of a mutual love between Himself and the dean. Quite a lovable character, brain-boy Auster charmed his way into the sacramental grace of Dr. Amoeba Atlas, Dr. Amorphous Levine, Professor Amethyst Avrohom, and Masmid's editor-in-chief. Disproving the law of diminishing returns, his charms kept on swelling, until he was inundated into Yeshiva's biological section as the first assistant to act like a professor. A science student who made good, and who knows the secret of continuing to make good, he will grace the medical profession with his charming words.



Alvin Basch

A well-preserved specimen from the Bronx, Al walked into Talmudical Academy and Yeshiva College proudly bearing a Hebrew medal which he earned at Yeshiva Salanter. He moved to Rahway, New Jersey, but found that the right way was the New York way and not the Rah-way. Between stamp collecting and photography, he attends Rabbi Lifshitz's class in the Yeshiva. Though not too active in college affairs, Al did make an opening into Talmudical Academy politics as intra-mural chess chairman. His next move will be to Israel where he hopes to "check" illness and disease.

Karpol Bender

Back in Capetown, Karpol was Polish. In the Telshe Yeshiva of Cleveland, he was a South African. At Yeshiva College, which he entered in 1949, he was known as a Telsher Bocher. Being kind of mixed up himself as regards his political and social background, he majored here in Political Science and minored in International Relations. Upon graduation he was still slightly hazy, so that he decided to remain until the impact of rabbinate will repair his senses. Then he intends to return to South Africa as a missionary. If the Zulus will not eat him before, he will probably talk them into becoming vegetarians.

Abraham Berman

When the Yeshiva decided that it would be a good idea to have another Rabbi Zaks within its walls, it imported Avrohom straight from Vienna. On the way he told stories to all who would listen in Mesivta Tifereth Jerusalem. Being blessed with a flash of insight, he came to Y.U. so that he could tell his sories all over again—to different people. Supposedly majoring in Math, he concentrated his energies in copying the Bochen's speech mannerisms and Rabbi Paleyeff's beard. The hierarchy of his interests runs in the following order: Drush (and well has it been said that one cannot answer Drush), Batoloh, and retelling jokes. After graduation, he intends to talk himself into Smicha, be talked into a position, and get married and stop talking.

Ervin Birnbaum

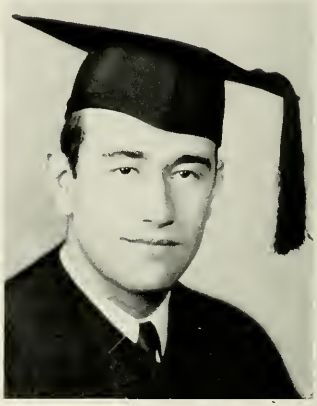
Czechoslovakia was the birthplace of this traveler. Erv attended secondary school in Hungary. Later he studied at the Teachers' Institute in Germany. He was one of the members of the "Exodus 1947," seeking admission to Israel. He came to our shores in 1948. He has also had contacts with France as vice-president of the French Club here at Yeshiva. Bim-Bom has been totally annihilated by Professor Litman; he is now seeking to visit the four corners of the earth through International Relations. You can recognize him by his mile-wide smile, his neatly-combed blond hair, and a copy of the German translation of Hegel's *Philosophy of History* under his arm.

Gershon Brounstein

Gersh attended kindergarten and seven years of elementary school at Berkley School, in Newark. Subsequently he studied at Torah Vodaath, Talmudical Academy, and the Yeshiva at Lakewood. This man is the only senior who can say he almost appeared in two "Masmid"s—he's brought in enough money in ads for Masmid to warrant that distinction. In addition, he is a masmid in Talmud. He majored in Hebrew and holds a teacher's license for the Jewish Education Committee. A personable young man whose sincerity is undoubted by all, he is interested in education and youth work. His plans call for continued study at R.I.E.T.S. with Smicha in mind.

David H. Chanofsky

Here is a sociological statistician from New York City. Before he became acquainted with the social life at Yeshiva in 1949, he studied at R.J.J. from 1937 till 1947, and at Talmudical Academy from 1947 till 1949. D. H. C.'s statistics notes are often beautified by some fancy doodling, obviously out of interest inherited from a Political Science course. Once a member of Agudah, he matured enough so that now he is a member of Young Israel. Muscular Dave enjoys participating in sports and leading them. He can often be seen pressing the one-hundred pound dumb-bell. (Now who can that be?) Now he hopes to press the Roshei Yeshiva—for Smicha, that is.



Reuben Davidman

A prospective lawyer who wants to study for the rabbinate, Ruby majored in Political Science but is primarily interested in basketball. Born on the lower East Side, he became engaged after moving to Brooklyn and from there to Forest Hills. He is now contemplating a further move but still remaining in the metropolitan area. Having attended P.S. 4, J.H.S. 49, Mesifta Torah Vodaath High School, and C.C.N.Y., he finally arrived at Y.U. Even here Rube was not satisfied with sitting still, as he pendulated frequently between T.I. and R.I.E.T.S. Aside from all excursions into the world of hyphen, Ruby played four years of basketball on the varsity of which he was co-captain in his senior year.

Abraham Barry Eckstein

During his stay here at Yeshiva, this student adopted Young Israel, Noar Mizrachi, Young Judea, Camp Massad, I.Z.F.A., and his middle name. With his persuasive manner and sparkling wit, busy Barry has talked many a person out of Bees. He even talked himself into the youth directorship of the Young Israel of Flatbush. An English major, he was a member of Eranos and Gamma Rho Sigma. He was editor of the Nir (at least he can talk about that), and was recipient of the Modern Hebrew Literature award in T.I. After entering the rabbinate, he hopes to return to T.I. and start all over again—indoctrinating other T.I. birds into his philosophy of education.

Robert Eller

When looking at the photograph of this rather personable young man, it would be difficult to realize that it took three separate trips to the photographer in order to get one presentable picture. Bob has a certain amount of hidden talent which is revealed by the fact that he won the medal from the D.A.R. for a prize essay in an American history contest, and a Declamation Medal at his grade school graduation. A singing math major, he intends to take advantage of neither of these assets in his future, but rather to enter the rabbinate and the Jewish Education field.

Joseph Erushalmy

Sad-eyed Joe, otherwise known as Josephy, has claimed, at different times, to stem from such varied backgrounds as Turkey, Tagikistan, and Oxford. Actually he was born in a Cambridge-tinged area of the Bronx. Upon entering the college, Joe quickly distinguished himself as president of Le Cercle Francais and as a master debater. An English major, he may be found quite frequently quaffing a cup of coffee with Doc. His interests tend to the classical, from literature to music. Besides these and other sundry artistic interests, Joe finds time to guide Ehrman in the ways of true "scholarship." His verbosity combined with a natural belligerence in argument make him a good bet for the law profession.

Samuel Feder

Brooklyn born and Brooklyn bred, Sam has always been tops in all his undertakings. He was Hebrew valedictorian at Crown Heights Yeshiva and was president of the Student Council of Talmudical Academy in Brooklyn. Sam's blond hair has made him the firiest member of the fencing team, and of Rabbi Lifshitz's shiur, where he is serving as vice-president. He majored in Mathematics, and spends most of his spare time learning with and teaching kids and "Katz." He'll study for Smicha and attend graduate school in Mathematics, and perhaps become a rabbi and/or an applied mathematician.

Manfred Fulda

The only living personality whose birthplace bears his name, Fulda, he is obviously destined to carry on great traditions. A major in Classics, on one hand, and in J. B., on the other, he symbolizes the fusion of Hellenistic and Halachic worlds. Besides distinguishing himself as the most ubiquitous presence on the campus, Manny has participated in every conceivable activity, has dabbled with practically every field of interest, including Rabbi Bernstein, and yet has found time to cultivate a moustache flashy enough to compete with his bow-tie. For the present, he is happy as a lark; as for the future, he intends to continue acting and dabbling, and settle down to the more sober endeavor of combining the rabbinate with an academic career.

Aaron S. Gelman

Bronx-bred Babe's bright ambition came to light when he became business manager of Masmid. Not wanting to break up a great combination, he pulled his two cohorts in with him. The word Masmid denotes a scholar, thus a person with a wide vocabulary; since joining the governing board, he has added exactly two words to his repertoire, "get ads." Besides working in mathematics, he is active in organizational work in the Young Israel and Hapoel Hamizrachi. He wants to enter the rabbinate, get married and get a position in a small community. Now that he is an experienced business manager, a rumor has been circulating that his secret ambition may be to become a business tycoon.

Henry Ginsburg

This amiable scholar came all the way from Portland, Maine, to be educated at Yeshiva. Henry, always ready to help out anyone, can boast of an enviable record in his studies. Graduating from high school with honors, he continued in the same tradition at Yeshiva, where he majored in Mathematics and was active in La Tertulia. His clandestine ambition is to publish a gourmet's manual in order to enlighten Yeshiva students on the gastronomical potentialities of Stern's raw materials (he ought to know, since he's been spoon-cooking for Big Brother Barry). He'll undoubtedly go far in mathematics or any other field into which he may venture.

Abraham Harry Goder

Stately, plump, and trigger-quick at back-talk, Harry considers himself an honor student in Rabbi Lifshitz's shiur, Mr. Posen's Physics Club, and probably everything else. Short-lived at Mesivta and C.C.N.Y., he moved to Yeshiva to out-live every practical joke ever attempted. He is that unique creature who majored in his hobby, Mathematics, while devoting his spare time towards preparing chapters of Isaiah for Mr. Sar's Bible class. After gym hours he may play basketball, and after Beth Hamedrash hours peruse a couple of Bobo Kama pages. Needless to say, his ambition is to become a rabbi and a teacher.

Henry Gold

Henek was born in Poland and stopped off in Germany on his way over to the United States. He spent his first few years in the U.S. at R.J.J. He then entered Yeshiva University. He hid out in the woods of R.I.E.T.S. for a year and was then liberated by Dr. Grinstein and T.I. At Yeshiva he was a member of the soccer team and kicked around a lot in the Psychology department. He majored in Mathematics and consequently brought tears to the eyes of many an instructor in the latter department as well as in the former. He is proficient in science in general and has mastered other sciences, in particular in his chosen field. Henry hopes to enter the Hebrew teaching business.

Sheldon Goldstein

Here is a plugging, pug-nosed, pudgy, punctual, punctilious pupil from the Bronx (pronounced Pronx in Bronxese), a major in P-sychology. Shaye, ever helpful, is seen mostly lecturing to Machlakah Vav about Achad Haam or the possible questions on the next "bechinat gemer." Before coming to Yeshiva he was a Spanish scholar in De Witt Clinton High School and studied his basic Hebrew at Marshalia High School. Shaye led many of his classmates to graduation from T.I., and rightfully enough he himself graduated. He hopes to teach Hebrew, become a rabbi, and eventually live in Israel.

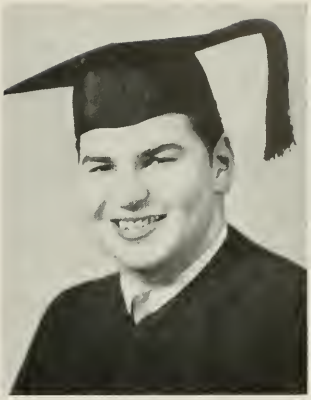
Max Goldzweig

Maximilian, Bored of Education, was born in Saffed, Palestine—and successfully withstood the Chamsin for six years, this feat being due only to his absorption of Saffed's Kabalah by osmosis. Leaving the sandy beaches of Aretz for the bearded forests of Lubavitch's Canada, he was gradually incubated to hatch a sociological egg at Yeshiva. In all seriousness, though, he is deeply and firmly attached to Hymie Shapiro. Making stamp-pasting his liking, his dreams are crowded with visions of all kinds of degrees—rabbinical, sociological, and third (achron achron choviv). He has earned the respect of his classmates for his constant willingness to do a favor for anyone, including Masmid.

Irving Goodman

Although a student for two years at C.C.N.Y. on Lavender Hill, "Heshy" moved up the spectrum to the blue skies of Yeshiva. His advent here caused great consternation among the math genii due to his sharp acumen and "friends." A student in Rabbi Soloveichick's class, Irv attained this coveted position of "understanding chakiros" by way of Torah Vodaath and the Suwalker Rav. His work in politics began as a member of Senior Arista and high school choir. Even now his smiling face can be seen peering through the portals of the Co-op Candy Store of which he is manager. He is a fine piano player and has done professional choral work. His ambition is to become a musical rabbi.

Jack Guttenberg



Here is a Hebrew scholar who received none of his previous training at Yeshivos. Jack is a possessor of a photographic memory that he uses to remember Hebrew, French, Latin, and Greek words and numbers. He hasn't tried taking numbers at Yeshiva yet, and most people believe that this talent will remain untried since he eyed Eileen. Jack enjoys playing basketball, but never tried out for the team, simply because he could not think of the correct Hebrew terminology. He is one of the last proponents of the Daber Ivrit movement. Jackie wants to be a Hebrew teacher, then get married. We know that he will be a fine pedagogist.

Simon Hellerstein

Shimmy, the first Student Council president who initiated an "administration-inspired" (according to Commie) clean-up drive at Yeshiva, attended Yeshiva Toras Chaim, T.A. and Yeshiva College solely for the avowed purpose of garnering a fellowship at M.I.T. And thus, he turned out to be an active S.C. prexy, working overtime for his fellowship. His term was one of tumultuous silence, or perhaps, more accurately, one of unheard controversy. These were his "achievements" (quotes are from Commie). A quiet sort of character who claims to speak up and stand upright (because of equal pressure on all sides), his interests, among other things, run the whole gamut from mathematics and algebra to geometry and mathematics. Theoretically, he intends to become an applied mathematician.

Marvin Hershkowitz

MARVelous Marv has probably made more headlines in Commentator, page three, than any other man in Yeshiva College history. For industrious and modest Marv has broken all basketball records at Y.U. He came to us after one year at C.C.N.Y. Upon joining our basketball team, he immediately rose to stardom, and was chosen by radio station WMGM, with the help of the Yeshiva students, for the All-City team. In his senior year, he broke the all-time college record by scoring forty-one points in one game. That performance was immediately followed in the next games by scores of thirty-nine and thirty-eight points. Marv attributes this success to Mr. Adler and Psychology. He hopes to enter the field of industrial psychology.

Jason Jacobowitz

Found: the middle member of the unholy three. Jase takes most of the credit for himself as having indoctrinated the musketeers into the uncoveted business staff of Masmid. In T. A. Jase met up and hooked up with "the Babe," and then they met up with Sam and adopted the company onto their business cognomen. Also a Mathematics major, Jason would like to do research in that field. Unlike Babe, he prefers the field; and unlike Sam, he just wants to do research, not take courses. He intends to enter the rabbinate and take over a synagogue, larger than the West Side Institutional.

Milton Kain

Miltie, a Bronx baby, went to Israel before he was out of his diapers, and got wise and moved to Brooklyn after his return. He graduated the Lubavitcher Yeshiva, as valedictorian no less, and then transferred to Chaim Berlin for a change of atmosphere. A Political Science major, his main interest happens to be politics. Having learned to be articulate, he claims to have been the founder of the anti-open-class-night movement in his sophomore year. Incidentally, that was the year that he represented the model Yeshiva in the model U.N. He intends to get Smicha, open or closed, and then study comparative jurisprudence with an open mind. His case is not closed.

Norman Katz

Norman is one of those back-to-nature boys who continually change their environs until ultimately they reside in a perfectly distilled atmosphere. He moved from Torah Vodaath to T. A., but this failed to satisfy him. He also moved from Williamsburg to stratospheric Connecticut, where he learned that where there's a "Will" there's a way. An earnest student, he was high school valedictorian and received the Junior Math Award at Yeshiva College. In spite of his scholastic achievements, he's still one of those nice guys whom everybody likes. His one and only love is Math, which he intends to take up in graduate school. His plans also call for the rabbinate.

Steve Katz

This emancipated veteran is one of the few fortunate individuals who have been graduated from this institution in 3½ years. Between studying hours (12 a.m. and 5 a.m.) Steve found time to become the fourth man in the Quadrivirum. With a brilliant military career behind him it would indeed be tedious to recount his many heroic exploits in the army; suffice it then to say that he himself won the last world war. Since he is a Sociology major it follows that he intends to be a clinical psychologist. Steve was managing editor of The Commentator, his crowning achievement in the field of extra-curricular activities in which he starred as athletic manager, Y. U. A. A. board member, and as member of nearly every club that ever existed.

Rabbi Jerome Kejsman

Judah, scion of a reputed Chassidic family, is a distinguished gentleman, whose first love was Talmud. Specializing in philosophy with the "saint," he was dubbed the "spirit" by his admirer. Possessed by a saintly spirit, this spiritual saint also took Latin, receiving the appellation "THE rabbi" at the hands and feet of his Chassidim. He didn't take Greek, for he claimed that Latin was Greek to him. His ambitions are threefold: to convert Jews to Judaism, to explain to Yeshiva boys their purpose in staying at the Yeshiva, and to find a clean table. He'll undoubtedly live up to his reputation.

Leon Martin Kestenbaum

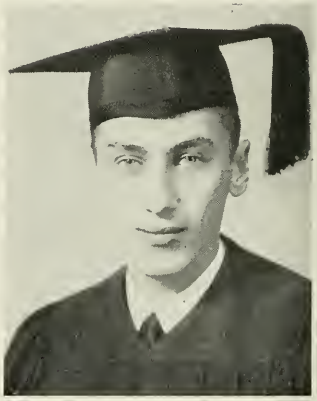
The better half of Flatbush's "hootch" twins, at least the taller, is Kay. Leon came to us from the Yeshiva of Flatbush before it became greater, and from R. J. J. Thus cummit he suicide and thus he himself cum to be greater. In case you didn't know it, he graduated from T. I. with a cum laude, no less. Once soph vice-president and junior president, he culminated his political achievements as lower senior president. He became feature editor of The Commentator, but was fired and appointed news editor because he thought that he himself was the feature attraction; and others thought that this picture wasn't "basic" enough. Kesty's ambitions include the rabbinate and working "down" in Brooklyn.

Saul H. Klausner

Saul H. (it is said the middle initial stands for Hazan) was born in Brooklyn. An extensive tour of Europe in the early 1930's brought him to Israel for four years. He attended Torah Vodaath when he returned to Brooklyn, and forgot any Hebrew he might have picked up in Israel. Already inculcated by Torah Vodaath he studied at R. I. E. T. S. for two years on arriving at Yeshiva University. Now he is trying to regain his knowledge of Hebrew which he so regretfully forgot, in T. I. A major in Philosophy, it can be truly said of him that he is one of the few Philosophy majors who ever philosophizes. He was a member of the choral group at Y. U. He aspires to become a "lamdan" and a cantor.

Isidore Klein

He was born and bred in the exciting Williamsburg atmosphere, a fact which may account for his deeply-rooted interest in psychology. Having attended the Mesivta high school and for a while Brooklyn College, Izzy discovered Yeshiva and liked it. He became active in Eranos, International Relations Society, Choral Group, Fencing, Tennis, Psychology Club; his winning smile earned him popularity and his skill, a swimming instructorship. Either from Dr. Adler or from his Yeshiva Rebbi or Novoseller, he hit upon the idea of combining psychology with the rabbinate. From that moment on he made away with his interests, photography and club leadership, and began to concentrate on Novoseller.



Samuel Klein

Sleepy-eyed Sam lives in New York City, studied at R. J. J. and at Talmudical Academy, where he joined up as the third musketeer. When you see Gelman, Jacobowitz, and Company (that company is Sam), prancing through Yeshiva's golden halls, you know they mean business. Sam does all the technical work for the trio. All three are Math majors and took identical courses in their first three years at college. However, Sam shocked the world when he went off on a tangent, and continued with Advanced Calculus. When not soliciting ads and formulas, he directs youth activities and is a member of Hapoel Hamizrachi. He hopes to graduate with the coveted B. A.-be degree and then enter the rabbinate and community administration.

Dov Kravetz

This not-so-quiet dov-e, nurtured in Poland, was graduated from the Lisgar Collegiate Institute, at the ripe old age of seven, in first class—honors, that is. This is not at all surprising, as Dov, although born at the usual age, began to breathe in a log cabin which he helped his father build. Yup, he's quite a guy. Majoring in English, he decided that he was logically compelled to be elected president of the French Club. On the side, he was active in the Double Yahrtzeit Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Deans. His main interests are things English, Hebrew, and especially French. Being dishonorably charged at Yeshiva, he hopes to be honorably discharged therefrom in order to practice law and order in Canada.

Nathan Krieger

The most amazing fact about the co-captain of this year's basketball varsity is that he has been able to apply mathematics to basketball and basketball to mathematics. Born in Brooklyn, where he has lived all his life, Natie attended Yeshiva Toras Chaim and then transferred to T. A. There his basketball career was inaugurated. Since it has been much the center of his existence, it has been rumored that he even plays it in his Sunday School classes. Naturally, he has coached basketball, worked in summer camps, and played varsity ball for four years. After attending graduate school and visiting Israel, he hopes to teach mathematics, and coach basketball.

Jacob S. Krumbein

Jake received his early education in Yeshivos Ketanos, and when bar-mitzvahed became the thirteenth member of the first class of Brooklyn T. A. Silent Selig will always be remembered by all of the graduates as a "walking Parnassus." When he is not studying—novels that is—he can be seen discovering, uncovering, and undercovering the news for The Commentator. At Yeshiva, Yaakov took a liking to "Yukie" and recreation. It is said that he once did an "extra" assignment, thus his first break with Commie. One thing is sure, he will live happily ever after.

Abraham Kupchick

Red is a Bronxite, therefore ambitious, therefore immersed in Cantorial gymnastics with a shrewd, discerning eye for the future. Simultaneously, he pursues mental acrobatics at the Beth Hamedrash, and on top of that, calisthenics with weights, balls, and gloves in the gym. How all these Herculetics coincide with his field of concentration, Greek, is Greek to us. But that should not be confusing; Abe is one of those complex individuals who know exactly what they are after, and in his case, it isn't peanuts. The chances are he will end up on the pulpit—speaking, instead of singing—to the audience. If the folks will listen, he will stick to oral athletics.

Alvin Irving Lieberman

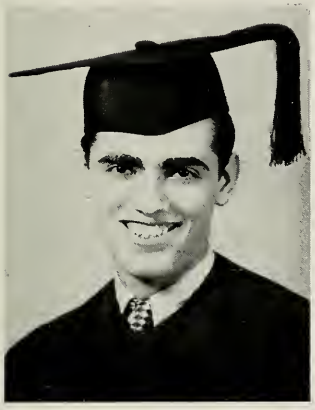
Hailing from Flatbush, Al can rarely be seen without the company of his Kounterpart. When he reached Yeshiva from Yeshiva de Flatbush he decided to major in "philosophy" and in Hutchylus. He thinks Henry Hudson should be credited with the discovery of the latter fascinating subject. After being bitten by the T.I. bug, he was cured by five doses of Bechinis Gemerine. His complete cure is being affected in the downstairs clinic where he finds himself a paperweight among heavyweights. His future plans include improving on his T.I. cum laude diploma by going to Columbia Teachers College and then, strangely enough, a career in Education.

Jerome Lipsitz

There is a saying that "still waters run deep." Just how deep saturnine Jerry runs, no one knows. He is an optimist of the highest sort every spring, but slowly loses his gaiety and lightheadedness as the summer months wane. A Chicago man from 'way back, he realized the nasty connotations of the Windy City and came to Yeshiva by way of Mesifta Tifereth Jerusalem. He found time to be on the circulation staff of The Commentator in his freshman year, whence he proceeded to the Clearing House Committee and the managership of the tennis team. His plans for the future include Smicha and a master's degree in Community Service.

Perry London

This English-Psychology-Language-Economics pot-perry cycled all the way from Omaha straight into Rabbi Bernstein's arms. Serving on the Commie, and writing Class Nite plays, he literally played into Mandelbaum's machinations. But this was destined to be ephemeral, as Joyce's alter ego didn't last more than a deany weeny second. And so, this scholar turned to Floch and Greek for revivification, to fishing and bullfighting for Flit-shooting, to hiking and exercising as a pure luxury, and to literature out of sheer necessity. Panting for versatility, he decided to switch to Psychology in his senior year, merely because he came here on an Economics scholarship. Unless he cycles across America, he might even stick to Psychology.



Bernard Lowenkopf

Reaching Yeshiva just on time to become graduated, Bernie still was able to endear himself to his Major oracle, Dr. Lowan. Probably the sole Physics major in the whole school, he and his teacher are said to have made a great time out of their brief and intimate encounter. Moreover, dark and burly Bernie deeply sympathizes with chess, which he has unfortunately ceased cultivating as a result of his becoming Lowan's kopf. Though born in Brooklyn, he was saved from the commonplace by moving to Baltimore at an early age, where he began his studies in engineering. The future, he predicts, holds something successful in store for him.

Jonah J. Mann

With a smile on his face and a laugh in his heart, Jonah came traipsing into Yeshiva University with a loadful of ambition and a hope for good things to come. Originally from Bridgeport, Connecticut, he came to New York and Brooklyn at the age of ten. He was eventually graduated from elementary school and high school, and then manned the helm at Yeshiva. At college, he tried to imitate an adding machine and hence majored in Mathematics. In his spare time, he was an avid member and supporter of Young Israel. However, his ambition should be an example for all students at Yeshiva, and that is merely "to be a G-d fearing Jew."

George Marcus

Gorgeous George came to Yeshiva with a saxaphone under one arm and a box of stationery under the other. Although music was his first love, it now takes second place to letter-writing and Norma. During his stay here he was "catched" by the "Weal" of fortune. Very popular from the start, George participated in many extra-curricular activities, climaxed by his election to the secretary-treasurership of the Y. U. Student Council. When not studying, he can be found in the vicinity of Lacey Burack, harmonizing some popular ditty in dulcet tones, always ready to laugh at a good joke and return in like vein.

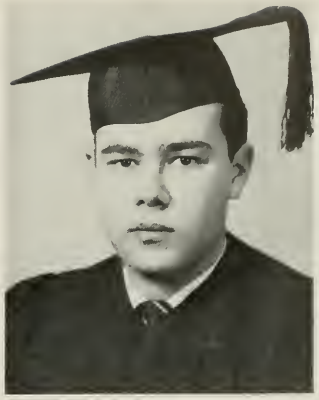
David Mermelstein

A man of great stature and bulk, "Duved" came all the way from Czechoslovakia in 1948 in order to hyphenate Talmud and Philosophy. This he achieved by catering in the morning to Rabbi Lifshitz and attending Dr. Litman's classes in the afternoon. He is sometimes seen in the dormitory devouring chocolate bars, and arguing until late hours in drawling, colloquial accents he has picked up on a trip to Georgia. His favorite interlocutor is Moish Schwartz, whom he proposes to emulate by becoming a rabbi and a teacher, but unlike the worthy counselor, he hopes to continue philosophizing in grad school.

Shephard Miller

A prospective medicine-man, Shephard's cure-all patent is the pursuit of happiness. To facilitate the chase, he has purchased a jet-propelled '52, and goes about advocating similar bargains. His toughest customer is Max Nussy, his buddy, who would much rather take long, serene walks. Despite the differences, however, in beauty, age, and temperament, the two get along famously. While Max is many-sided, Shep is strictly a one-track man. His major was Biology; his extra-curricular interest, the Biology Club; his hobby is Specialized Anatomy; and his plans for the future, Medicine. Our guess is that he will be a doctor.

David Mogilner



Divine David divides his time between Newark where he resides and Boro Park where he lives. Prior to the so-called "Schiffian Era," Mogie attended Talmudical Academy, the Newark College of Engineering, and Herzeliah Academy. The presidency of T. I. spurred him on to Boro Park. At the same time he became engaged in Commie. As associate editor under the sign of the Zess he made a daring entry into school affairs. He then became editor-in-chief and continued Commentator policy. Dovidal hopes to enter the rabbinate, teach Psychology, and finally go to Israel. He secretly aspires to become a life-master and feels that majoring in English and going on reducing diets are means to this end.

Morton Mostow

Morty is a Boston Latin School boy who came to Yeshiva by way of Talmudical Academy. During the baseball season this Brave young man wears Red Sox, but he becomes pink with the passing of the summer. Cognizant of the historical connotations of his native city, he decided to learn more about his and the world's past. He spends his time in such extra-curricular activities as the Economics Society, Deutscher Verein, I.R.S., and millinery. In his spare time he visits classes, but not too frequently, since he considers associations of this type contaminating to the intellect. His ambition, although not too clear, seems to include further visiting of classes in graduate school and finally, "teaching."

Maurice E. Novoseller

This pseudo-basketball player came to Yeshiva with the modest proposal that he, personally, would put this institution on the sports map. However, he was foiled in this attempt by an irate coach who felt that at least one-half of basketball practice should be devoted to basketball. Since leaving the field of sports, "Novie" has found time to dabble in Political Science, attend the model U.N., and be his class president in S. O. Y. In classes, he is often seen barefooted and dressed in a pair of blue jeans and red suspenders. This makes him (so he says) the most handsome and talented graduate; he intends to use these qualities for entering the rabbinate and perhaps also giving the field of law a break.

Max Nussenbaum

Relaxed Max, with the long-wave in his hair and the short-wave talk he uses on smooth operations, sauntered through four collegiate years as composed and unconcerned as a floorwalker at Macy's. Born in the Bronx, Maxie started to attend Yeshivas while still in cradle. Early in life, also, he teamed up with Shep Miller, a union of forces that still yields profitable numbers for both parties. When not psychoanalyzing his fellow classmates at Rabbi Shatzkes' round table, he is known to explain Sanhedrin to Mr. Adler of the Psychology Club. Otherwise, he is probably drinking soda at Harry's or taking a ride in Shep's new Dodge or daydreaming about Rabbinical Psychology.

Jacob Petroff

Soft-spoken Jake is the proof for the truth of the maxim that opposites attract or are attracted to each other, owing to the fact that he is the dignified gabbai of Rebbe Srulchik Wohlgelernter. Conceived in Toronto, received at Yeshiva, deceived by the Rebbe, he is slated to achieve petrified fame as a genuine Canadian archaeologist. In line with this predestined career, he majored in the classics, became a charter member of the Canadian Gentlemen's clique, and ministered to the Chassidism of Dr. Godwin Fleisher. An avid reader of pulp fiction, he manages to spend most of his time over the folio leaves (second stratum) of the Talmud. In the future, he intends to preserve his personality by writing long letters to his friends, and digging up his non-friends.

Dov Pikelny

D. Buryl, our midwestern wrestling champ, will probably be the first one to be awarded a whole chain of S. O. Y. gold keys for lugging and storing all the variegated raw materials from the Shalosh Seudoth and Chagigoth. Hailing from Chicago, he was promptly elected gabbai, by virtue of his all-encompassing dignity. His chief ambition is to instill more interest in our Jewish youth to speak Hebrew. For this purpose, he specialized in English at Yeshiva. This, plus his six years' experience in High Holy Days, undoubtedly qualifies him for a bright future in his chosen fields: the rabbinate and a full gold professorship in English.

Harold I. Reichel

When Hy came to Yeshiva from Brooklyn, bells started ringing. The question is what kind of bells? School bells? First-round bells? Railroad (to Miami) bells? Or possibly all of them? Nobody knows. But everybody knows and will remember our senior class president. Hy's popularity sky-rocketed him into politics (he even studied Political Science for this). As class president, he served as chairman of the all-important Awards Committee. He also served as chairman of the Entertainment Committee, as a result of which he attained the degree of first m.c. of Yeshiva. He hopes to wind up as a rabbi and a lawyer.

Michael Rock

Iron Mike is a hard man to deal with, especially since he learned how to fence. He eliminates the parries and thrusts of his many tormentors by the application of his sharp intellect. An outdoor man all the way, he braves the elements in such activities as swimming, boating, and hiking, but always with the mysterious cushion by his side. He is occupied with the sciences, especially chemistry and lobsters, and is preoccupied with Buck Rogers. His grandiose plans for the future include graduate work in Chemistry and Education, going for Smicha, and ending up in Israel.

Irving Rosner

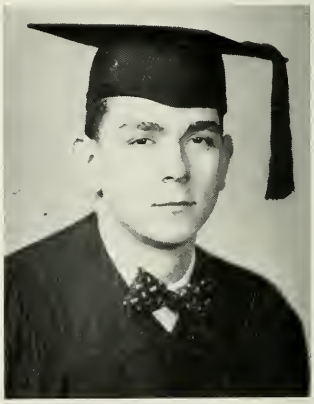
A man who realized the obvious advantages of Yeshiva over Brooklyn College, Irv has been with us, lo! these past two and one half years. When in high school, he was a star athlete and became infatuated with basketball to such an extent that he is beginning to resemble a basketball, especially in the abdominal regions. In his intellectual activities he concentrates on English and has indeed learned to repeat himself very well. Part of his future plans have already been fulfilled, as may be seen when he promenades on Bedford Avenue with his better half. As for the rest of them, he hopes to get an M.A. in English and enter the rabbinate.

Robert A. Rothman

Bob is a fellow who needs no urging to play the drums or to deliver a lengthy monologue on any given topic (provided he has ten seconds for preparation). Following logically, therefore, is the fact that he plays with the orchestra and is a member of the debating team. His chief claim for distinction is that he is probably the most popular instructor of weight-lifting in the history of that field. Having gone through the full course, from Yeshiva Salanter to T.A. to Y.C., he has been influenced tremendously by Judaism. Consequently, his future lies somewhere in that region, probably in the form of teaching.

Ivan Robert Rozen

Stately and statesman-like Bob commuted daily from Hackensack, N.J. to Yeshiva, and drove himself immediately into student affairs as soph and junior president. Besides this he is known to drive a hard bargain and will never lose an argument unless "maybe he's wrong." Bob, who is famous for his social-logical surveys, was president of the Sociological Society, a member of the Debating Team, and an important strategist of the Chess Team in its more prosperous days. As vice-president of the Student Council, he looks forward to more prosperous days, when Masmid can be allotted a grant of a million dollars. He promises that the first million that he makes in the business world *will* go to Masmid, the next towards building a law school at Yeshiva, and the last towards becoming a rabbi.



Gershon Sadowsky

He is a tall, slender student who is heard, more than seen, around the neighborhood of the Beth Hamedrash. When in the dorm, nevertheless, he is generally mute, as he tends to be outdone in stentorian peripatetics by his roommate, Berman. Emerging from a rabbinical family in the lower depths of South Carolina, Gershon lands in the Baltimorean Yeshiva, takes a sudden flight and alights finally at the Mecca of scholarship, Yeshiva. Here his major becomes History, specifically Jewish, his hobby Talmud, specifically Aramaic, and his plans for the future, the rabbinate, specifically traditional.

Robert Saffer

This slim Political Science major, with his ready smile, is one of the best liked men in the class. As of last summer, he believes in not only small miracles, but in Giant ones as well. One of the original 101'ers, it was he who helped spearhead the movement back to the Old Dorm. He can frequently be seen spreadeagled upon his bed with a Poli-Sci. book in front of his eyes, and a radio by his ear playing "real gone" music. At other times he gives the "Famous Five" as his address. In his private crystal ball, he envisions Smicha from this institution and a law degree from some undetermined school.

Herbert Scheinfeld

Deah Herbert from the south (of Brooklyn) joined the clans of Y.T.V., M.T.V., and Telshe before moving up north to Yeshiva University. There he met his lanceman Yoreh Deah, who specializes in Rabbi Soloveichick. Vice-president of the S.O.Y. beans, he saw his duty and learned with Amos Bunim in the Social Hall. He majored in deep thoughts with the "saint," philosophized on Williamsburgh in Gershon Churgin's "classes," stressed Telzer "Torah" during Halachic lectures "formulated" in Berlin, economized on his attendance of Doc Brody's economic sessions. Herb is now planning his strategy for obtaining Smicha. Eventually, he hopes to end up as a corporation lawyer. His friends ought to come in handy.

Maurice L. Schwartz

Moish Aryeh was born in Newark, educated at Torah Vodaath, preserved in Baltimore's Ner Yisroel and Johns Hopkins, and revitalized at Yeshiva. A three-year man in Rabbi Moshe Shatzkes' class, he enlivened the S.O.Y., that is, when he wasn't busy with his duties as treasurer and president of Zeirei Agudath Israel in Yeshiva University, and as a member of the Deutsche Verein, two disconnected organizations. For the last four years, Moish has been knocking on the doors—of success. Moish hopes to enter these portals as a rabbi specializing in rabbinic historiography.

Hyman Shapiro

"Temperamental" Hy was born in New Haven, Connecticut. When this occurred, strangely enough, his "sex" was determined. When he came to Brooklyn he adopted a life of Chassidism at Lubavitcher Yeshiva in Brooklyn where he served as editor of its newspaper for two years. Now that he enlisted in Yeshiva's ranks he has become a sports and Commentator Chassid. Together with Maxie he circulates Commie among its millions of readers. His favorite sports include dancing, crossword puzzles, and sleeping—all during lectures. He hopes to become a community center director which, if all is well, will net him a few hundred thousand dollars.

Melvin Shay

An Israeli Sabra, Melvin came to the U.S. on the last boat from Palestine to America before the second World War. Somehow, there are those who stoutly maintain that he missed the boat anywhay. Be that as it may, Mel started with Yeshiva and finished with chemistry. Musically inclined, he plays chess; nevertheless, he goes out to read and converse. Eventually, he expects to go back to Israel, and go on ever after—that is, until he achieves security from chemistry by reading through conversation, so that he can enjoy the finer things in life, meaning chemistry, of course.

Jack Shechter

Jack, born into a fairly well-to-do family, excelled in athletics as far back as grammar school, according to his own modest admission. That's as far back as he remembers. Attending High School at Yeshiva Chaim Berlin, he edited the school newspaper and got himself elected, by virtue of his athletic prowess, as president of the G. O. Coming to Yeshiva College, he was demoted to the vice-presidency of T. I. and promoted to the top professional cigarette moocher-all. This self-made athlete majored in English and minored in French. Jack really hopes to become a rabbi, truly aspires to a master's degree from Columbia, and actually plans to get married. Good luck to him. He'll need it.

Nisson Shulman

Nisson and nissim are coincident when thinking of this Brooklyn scholar. When Niss was president of the Debating Society, Yeshiva gained prominence in college circles along the Atlantic Seaboard. As a member of the fencing team in 1951, Nisson starred and along with his cohorts led the team to local recognition. In his senior year, when captain of the fencing team, the squad achieved a nearly perfect record. He was vice-president of the freshman class, a member of Eranos, and active in other "cercles." Nisson, ever smiling, can now orate and debate in English, Hebrew, French, and Greek. He hopes to apply these qualities to the pulpit and the courtroom.

Stanley Siegel

President of Freshman Class; member of Student Council for one year; president of International Relations Society; captain of varsity tennis team; member of varsity fencing team for three years; member of executive council of Eranos; delegate to intercollegiate model United Nations for three years; secretary-treasurer of Eranos; member of executive council of Debating Society for three years; member of varsity debating team for three years; nominee for the office of president of the Intercollegiate Model Assembly; business advisor of Masmid; captain of debating team on several successful debate tours.

"Indeed I am a 'masmid' in the true sense of the word and am destined for greatness."

Fred Simon

Bob's other half came to Yeshiva by way of Yeshiva Salanter and Talmudical Academy. He can usually be found partaking of a cup of coffee with the "Triumvirate." It is from this group that he received a reputation as a lothario. Sports-minded to an extent, Fred indulges in swimming and basketball besides carrying the drums for his weight-lifting pal. In college he concentrated on Psychology as a subject which fascinated him completely since he has a business career in mind, and he figures to bamboozle his *confrères*. During his Yeshiva career he devoted himself completely to his future which consists primarily of leading a happy and successful life.

Joseph Singer

This six-footer, never seen without his six-gallon chapeau, was reared in Newark, N. J. Leaving that friendly town for the sanctuary of Torah Vodaath, Joe literally launched his hat into the ring for the G. O. vice-presidency. After election, he promptly put it back on, and that's where it's been ever since. Coming to Y. U., he started singing his way into a counselorship. However he singed his fingers in history, economics, and Deutsch. He just loves to learn Talmud—that's why he intends to learn for another two years, disregarding Smicha. We wish him luck in his twin plans to enter the rabbinate and marriage.

Sheldon Singer

Shelly is one of the most hard-working students in Yeshiva. He is intensely interested in classical languages (his major) and Hebrew Literature (his life's work). In his spare time he engaged in such extra-curricular activities as Deutsche Verein, Eranos, I. R. S., and the Gamma Rho Sigma Society. This year he reached his peak when he became editor of the Nir. A great enthusiast for classical music, he interprets the masters himself on the piano. His chief ambition is to go to Israel and there to study Hebrew Literature on Mount Scopus, thence a career as a Hebrew educator.

Aaron Skaist

Following in the footsteps of his rabbi brother, young "Arele" came from Philadelphia, attended Brooklyn Talmudical Academy, and graduated into Yeshiva in the quiet, inoffensive way that is his chief characteristic. Though once upon a time his favorites were photography and stamps, at Yeshiva he was bitten by the bug of History and since then it is his pastime to rattle off dates like Greek declensions accompanied by profound Silvermanian quotations. Incidentally he developed a liking for a Dutchman named Meyerl Grajower, and by some Brodian twist, for Semitics. Among his out-of-class vocations are the Eranos, the Economic Society and the Deutsche Verein. He looks forward to become an instructor in Archaeology.

Morris Raphael Stadtmauer

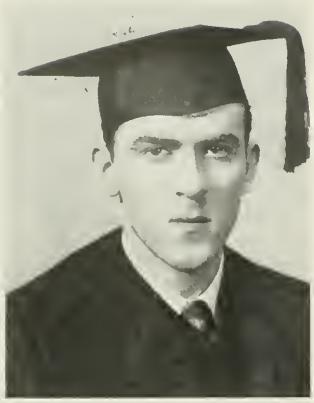
Here is Co-op's super-salesman, the fencing team's fighting foiler (as a freshman), the Dramatic Society's agile actor, and our very important vice-president. In the last capacity, Brooklyn-born Moish served on the Awards Committee and as chairman of the Clearing House Committee. Morris, when not directing youth activities at the Young Israel of Kingsbridge, can usually be found in Forest Hills, his favorite hunting grounds. Majoring in Political Science and in Philosophy, he hopes to continue with Yeshiva and attend the Graduate School of Community Administration. Then he may enter the rabbinate.

Reuben Starishevsky

When Ruby pitched tent at Yeshiva, sport fans bet that this muscular hombre was a natural for the hoop team. Great was their sorrow, though, when Starry, albeit a former High School player, turned instead to more cerebric endeavors. Besides progressing fast to the heights of Lifshitz, he went the way of all flesh and majored in Biology. Still and all, he found time to serve time in the Co-op, Placement Service, and der Deutsche Verein, surprising the latter club when he refused to participate in the beer party on the grounds of temperance. In his senior year he took a Shakespeare and a Philosophy course. Despite that, he still hopes to become a doctor.

Aaron J. Stavisky

Aaron is the type of guy who reads Thomas Aquinas and Don Juan at the same time. Never in any great hurry to get anywhere, he manages to reach his destination in time to throw in an unlikely comment that immediately stirs up conversation. Being semantically inclined, he is majoring in the Classics and taking English on the side. His ambition in life is to ask "Doc" a question of mathematical context with philosophical implications that would include chemical formulae. Aaron intends to amble sedately to a Smicha degree and thence—who knows?—perhaps emulate the Rambam.



Sol Steinmetz

Czecho Rico from Chicago is now in the process of assimilating his third language. Wasting no time, the Squire is ambitiously engaged in writing short stories in English with a Spanish accent. His success in this field is attested to by the fact that with his left hand he is feature editor of The Commentator, and with his right hand he is literary editor of the Masmid. It has been noted that this split in duties is a logical outcome of his personality. A particularly penetrating facet of the latter is the woeful wailing that echoes through the dorm halls on shower days. Sol was impressed at an early age by Col. Stoopnagle and thus is majoring in "British." His main ambition in life is to ride on the pampas with a placard, "El Gran Rabbi," dangling from his neck.

Arthur Taub

Arthur has been winning awards ever since he began attending school, and he intends to continue doing so until he wins a Nobel Prize. Although a serious student most of the time, Arthur still refuses to let schoolwork interfere with his vacations. In spite of this, though, he has managed to finish school in three years. He is one of the few select students responsible for the creation of a special program for pre-medical students: "No one should be graduated from college with four majors." He hopes to become an M.D. and enter into the field of medical education and/or biophysical research.

Isadore Tennenberg

Likeable Izzy hails from Baltimore, the town about which he reported at least a dozen times in Dr. G. Churgin's Hebrew classes. Shuttling back and forth between New York and Baltimore, he amassed enough factual material to write additional reports on the crime situation, the race problem, and the status of the Jewish community in his home town. Actively interested in Yeshiva, he climbed the ladder of success at Co-op, starting as manager, continuing as member, and finally reaching the top, as adviser—to the new manager, his brother. He plans to go to grad school at Y. U., with the ultimate goal of engaging in Jewish community work. Which community? Suffice it to say that Izzy is loyal.

Eugene J. Tokayer

Tokie was a youngster from Youngstown, Ohio, when he moved to New York City. After twelve years of hard study and sport at R. J. J. he came to R. I. E. T. S. Deciding to look for his place in the sun, he transferred to T. I. from which he was graduated. He was one of those T. I. students who was required to become Educated. One of the class athletes, he can usually be seen battling it out with Mr. Tauber of fencing fame. Besides this, he is an accomplished song-bird. He once sang a solo in Carl Fischer Hall. After entering the rabbinate, he hopes to fence himself in—in Israel, and become a sabre.

Hugo Unger

A self-appointed public relations man, Yougo traveled light through Austria, Pittsburgh, and Cleveland, to make it his business at Yeshiva to make contacts for future reference. Direct results of his interest in the human animal were his majoring in Sociology, minoring in Litman, and performing experiments in Rabbi Lifshitz's class. Deep down he draws his inspiration from the unusual sociological phenomena he observed during his two years at Telshe. He is one of the few who constantly were aware that Yeshiva is a Liberal Arts college, a fact that induced him to take up as many and as varied a number of courses as Mr. Silverman permits. Since he must graduate, he will go into social rabbinate.

William W. Wealcatch

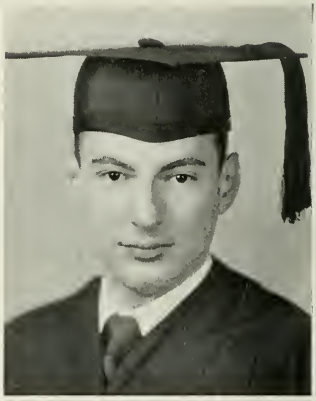
Willie with the winning smile worked up from business manager of the Masmid to editor-in-chief of the same mag. Vice-president of the Charter Members Club, he has found an interest in bowling, the art of which he practices by using a certain blue convertible as a ball and pedestrians as pins. That this driving demon is not only a terror on the speedway is shown by the fact that he was voted "Class Casanova" at Brooklyn T.A. Will's career at Yeshiva has been highlighted by many extra-curricular activities, Math classes, graduation from T. I., and trips to Worcester. Among his many ambitions are, getting ads for the Masmid, getting ads for Masmid, getting ads for Masmid, and finally a career in business administration.

David Weinbach

Easy-going Dave came to Yeshiva with a barrel of ambitions and a song in his heart. All that's left is the song. "Wavy" started out intending to be an architect, but after attempting to build a few bridges, he realized that it was quite a trick to fulfill this contract. He has acquired a taste for Youth work and spends many of his Saturday nights in this field. Dave has spent many an agonizing day these past few summers, largely due to the decline of Piracy. A serious boy with a will to work, his plans include the rabbinate and a voyage on the sea of matrimony (whether he knows it or not).

Harold Weissman

Born in Canonsburg, twenty miles from Pittsburgh, Harry was one of those rocking-chair burghers with a dream of city-life. The difference was that his came true. He attended the University of Pittsburgh for a while, but both town and school were too small for his breeches. So he came to Yeshiva and discovered the World of Ideas in the persons of Doctors Jung and Litman, both of whom he managed to surpass in paradoxicalities. He claims that his hobby, besides intra-mural athletics, is mostly himself, occasionally other people. His plans for the future, he believes, are tremendous—will try to solve all the world's problems. And his ambition, to find an honest man and a dishonest woman.



Stanley Witty

This witty intellect comes to us via the "hootch" route—Yeshiva of Flatbush to R. J. J. to Yeshiva. Stan, a man who knows his own value, is the erstwhile president of our sister institution, the Teachers' Institute. Always effervescing with some new idea, his versatility is demonstrated by his varied extra-curricular activities, such as the Co-op Stores, The Commentator, the Business Staff of Masmid, Lapid and Nir reporter, and First Aid instructor. "Anahow," he likes Dr. Margalith; therefore (some pronounce it defore), he is majoring in Political Science. His plans for the future include Graduate School and Smicha, with the end of Hebrew Education in mind.

E. Judah Wohlgelernter

E. Jay is a Good-Humor man with a Mark Twain philosophy of life, the voice of Jerry Lewis, and the multifarious interests of a Da Vinci. To wit, some of the latter are music, art, sociology, philosophy, history, science, flying, sports, life (not the magazine), reading. His activities, among them "The Commentator", Concert Bureau, and Intramural Basketball, attest to his genius. In the near future he will probably stick to Yeshiva while in Graduate School (Soc.) or enter Juilliard (sic). His ambition is three-dimensional: Compose and conduct his own music, "live the good life," and "see the lion live peacefully with the lamb."

Israel E. Wohlgelernter

Israel E. was blessed with having a highly varied background before coming to Y.C. He pursued his studies at various seats of learning, all located in Toronto. The next eight years he spent in the Yeshiva dormitory. Although elected class Rebbe while at T.A., he discarded the traditional gartel. Nevertheless, he still managed to give an entertaining imitation of a Chassidic Rebbe. Majoring in English, he found time to indulge in extracurricular Talmud study, and represent Rabbi Borenstein's class in the S.O.Y., besides nursing hockey and Chassidism, Modzitz and Mozart, literature and Jewish booklore. His plans for the future? To get married and regird his strength with a gartel (become a rebbe).

Marvin Zalis

Marv breezed in from Miami after schooling there among the playboys and dogs. He raced right into the building and before Yeshiva could get its hands on him he had reached the third floor. The personnel there tickled him pink and before he knew it he was matriculated into T. I. Zaza is an ardent follower of Bnei Akiva, Miami Hapoel Hamizrachi, Dov Revel Hapoel Hamizrachi, and Hapoel Hamizrachi. This makes him a staunch Agudanik. Besides kicking around in these organizations, he is a rabid football fan. He also collects ties, and eventually will compete with Eric the Cravateer. He hopes to become a director and administrator of Hebrew Education, and then give all that up and settle in Israel.

Metamorphosis of the Leisure Class

Not so long ago there was a group of students at a place called Yeshiva. Now this Yeshiva group differed from any old student group in that instead of grammar school, its members had gone to Talmud Torah, in place of high school, it was Talmudical Academy for them, and in lieu of just plain college, Yeshiva College was honored with their presence. All this learning made them very conscientious and upon graduation, these students made a balance of their last four years of scholarship. What they came up with was a thesis, rather with four of them, each one representing a year of college existence, not life. This is *it*.

HYPOTHESIS

Isn't that so?
(Dr. Brody)

THE Yeshiva freshman is initiated at a ceremony held in a classroom (cell 404) filled with almost a hundred strange faces. A mild-mannered school president, Sam Glaser, lays down the first hypothesis: It is taken for granted that freshmen will be active, whatever that may be. In less than an hour, a couple of dozen additional hypotheses are advanced, and the perplexed freshmen tumble out of the chamber, gasping for breath. How do yoyos fit in with activities? Dinks with breakage fees? Moreover, the need for yoyos is appreciated since psych tests are next on the agenda, but why red yoyos? What is one getting into? Yet, it's too late for retreat; the registration fees have already been collected by the two assistants, one to a registrar, one to a bursar.

A hypothermic needle is injected into the veins of each tottering frosh and upon awakening, he finds himself in a labyrinthine underground corridor. Here, a cherub-faced creature croaks his way into his ears, pats his back, exhibits his glossy pate, and hypothesizes: Vote for Siegel! For emphasis, he offers each newcomer a ciegalette. By accepting the smoke, it is discovered later, the freshmen scorch their fingers, i.e. he gets elected president.

At last, he is confronted with the biggest problem, the teachers, some of whom are freshmen themselves, but luckily unorientated. One of these is a bushy Fine Arts man with horizontal instead of vertical peyes. Some wonder whether the simultaneous proposal for the establishment of a barber shop on the campus is merely a matter of coincidence. Dr. Linn, a distinguished citizen of the Nation, categorically claims that the barber shop is totally useless, adding that a full-grown yarmulke for men covers the problem rather adequately. The frosh meet a remarkable rookie registrar, who shows promise of going down in history as a ventriloquist who is able to cause the textbook to repeat his lectures verbatim. Another rookie, Rev. Mike Katz, by virtue of Miraculous Providence (Hashgoche Nissis to the initiated),

attempts to teach Bible at the Yeshivi. A third scholar delves in inverted Bible, Hygiene, and two-letter roots. He's just Freed from "down dere."

Among others, there is bound to be one Frenchman by the name of Sidney David Braun. Mellarmee is god and Braun his prophet, so the saying goes, and some invert the nouns. Freshmen with triangular heads meet a bloke by the name of Block, who whistles math formulas, music and lyrics both. His hobby, that is, before he got entangled in marital ties, is known to be picking up Bronx Boys . . . to drive them home in his Pontiac. A newcomer, Mr. Mandelbaum of the English Department, seems to belong to the genus "Genius James Joyciae." A barrel of wit, Perry London, and a test-tube of fact, Manfred Fulda, gain fame as uppermost contestants for the affection of chain-smoker, poetaster, Mr. Allen Joyce.

With the passing of time, lasting friendships pass away. Office girls, in order of departure, Hilda, Judy, and Gloria, are met, and that's about all. Gloria is first to break her engagement, but then only to become Mrs. Heffler. Stern (that's where freshmen eat when they are very very hungry) gets a health certificate. Careers are shattered when four dorm residents are evicted due to poor minyan attendance. When asked what they intend to do about it, the four reply: our only alternative is to resort to prayer!

Towards the end of the term, finals surprise the freshman and he discovers the absence of exemptions in college. As a result, some choose to return to high school, but Mr. Silverman refuses to give them transcripts. They beg the dean to expel them, but he sends them to English Five instead. Those who remain get consolation prizes, namely, cigarettes at the Senior-Frosh smoker. The Dorm Social Hall, where the clash takes place, looks like a battlefield with all the smoke. But it's fun, and every freshman feels the way a college freshman feels when he is supposed to feel like a college freshman. But only for a night; when the great evening of "Music for Y.U." is held in the Auditorium, they feel like, and mix with, the seniors, but act like freshmen and don't know it.

With the advent of the second term, freshmen go up in the world. They are called upper and look down upon the lower frosh. They reach the clouds and it is there that they encounter Artie Stein, 6′.6″, who promises to lift Yeshiva from Mites to Heighters. Zestful Steve Katz happens to Yeshiva at about that time, and the Basic-Zess era of Mogilner-Katz-Kestenbaum-Lieberman begins to form a nucleus. (Reminder: all this is strictly hypothetical, and what you don't know for sure, can't hurt you. So wait till you reach the antithesis.)

Simultaneously, Young Israel wills the freshmen Israel Young, a born orientator with a brotherly smile, who organizes the first Freshman Guidance course. "Where are you guiding us, sir?" inquires one studious freshman. And comes the reply "to heaven, brother, to heaven." He is the memorable figure who institutes the notable bow-tie system at Yeshiva, whereby the most courteous bow earns one the flashiest tie. "Wear them only on dates, brother," he recommends the lucky winner, "because you can't get to heaven if you wear them between the four walls of this institution."

The great event marking the end of the Freshman year is the traditional class nite affair, which, hypothetically,

is expected to repeat itself every year. However, see Antithesis. Three plays, no less, and all created by Yeshiva students, are performed with smashing success. Among the actors glitter two frosh, Sol Steinmetz as an age-home inmate and Arthur Taub as a despondent father. At University Nite, another last school affair, "Flesh and Faculty" is presented, where still another freshman, Si Auster, steals the show as Brainboy.

Just before the freshmen prepare to call it quits and take off for a long vacation, tension is born and grows up rapidly within the hallowed murals of Riets. A new school constitution is issued by the administration. Some older students consider it as opposed to their ideals. The news sell fast, and soon enough the whole student body is allied in rejecting it. For the first time since the freshmen became freshmen, a sober question is placed in black and white before their candid eyes: what about individual liberty? For the first time, its members worry about the future. What about all these wonderful hypotheses? they ask. Are they real or just illusions? The freshman reaches a new height in his development: Sophomore year.

ANTITHESIS

It ain't necessarily so . . .
(Class response to
Siegel's second bid)

"THE antonym of saintliness," declares Mr. Orleans of Psychology fame, as he explains the Word Association test, "is Sophomore. It rhymes with tough bore, and any character within that category is either tough or a bore, or both. He is a Dr. Jekyl and a Mr. Hyde, a former freshman and future Junior. Agreed?" Mr. Orleans disappears from Yeshiva very soon after he pronounces this opinion. Nonetheless, experience vouches for its validity. The Sophomore *is* the antithesis of the freshman in every respect.

The Sophomore returns from vacation, a new man. He sits for hours in Harry's (formerly Paul's and Benny's) luncheonette talking, with a cup of coffee in one hand, a Chesterfield in the other, about Synthesis. From Dr. Litman (rather Litman, without the title, as Aristotle) he has learned that Synthesis and Hyphenation are hyphenated. Rabbi Rackman, of Political Science, believes it is a Greek word of English origin. Mr. Silverman refers him to the dictionary. Rabbi Jung maintains that it is the ideal of the Yeshiva, and Rabbi Lookstein claims it is the Ideal Yeshiva, Ramaz. Rabbi Bernstein does not know. And who does?

When the Sophomore is not across the street, he is either watching the construction of the new dormitory or attending the movies presented by Mr. Sid Pleskin of the recently established audio-visual service. He may also, in the spare time allotted by ex-actor Rabbi Dave Mirsky's honeymoon, Mr. Zeides's begetting of an heir, Rabbi Jung's daughter's marriage and Mr. Tauber's playing hookey from speech class to play at tennis matches, pay a visit to Professor Ginsburg and join him in beautifying dry or high mathematics, which is the science of formulating doodles, equating valentines, and differentiating partial gudermannians. If his visit is long enough he may catch a glimpse of the rest of the Ginsburg family of odd numbers, Henry and Barry.

But that is only the calm before the storm, for while the frosh starts off with a

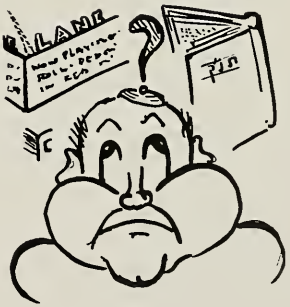
bang and gradually swoons into languor, the soph wastes a couple of weeks before he discovers the wide margin of terror that the second year contains. Two major threats dawn upon him, namely, science and literature. The former is represented by Dr. Atlas, a rare biological specimen that laughs but doesn't smile, Mr. Posen, who shuns everything save fricshun and maushun, the DEAN, and dr. levine; the torch of literature is carried by Dr. Fleisher, a Johnson with a touch of Kinsey, and Mr. Vogel, a newcomer who divides his time between marking papers in class and marking report cards in the college office. During lunch hour, he makes it his business to memorize Chaucer in the original Chinese.

To overcome the threats, two trends develop with the Sophomore. Either he becomes a Chassid, or he allies himself with another yellow classmate. Among the former belong men like Ruby Starishevsky (Starfish for long), Shlep Miller, Smartie Taub and Shy Auster ministering to Dr. Atlas, and Joe Ehrmanshalmi, Pere Adam London, and Achron Stavisky paying homage to Doc Fleisher. Among the followers of that patriarchal polyglot, Dr. Floch, one finds Seraphius Singer, Jacobimus Petroff, Romeo Lipsitz, Abe Kupchick, and Epiphanius Josephus Wohlgelernter, Seattle. Some others, like Shulman, Tokayer, and Feder, enlist themselves for further protection in the fencing team of Mr. Tauber (not to be confused with Mr. Tauber of table tennis fame).

Then, of course, you have inevitable duets. Rothman and Simon debate, Weinbach and Saffer harmonize "Jealousy," Miller and Nussenbaum exchange numbers, Goodman and Goder wouldn't, Joe Singer and Moe Schwartz go through the Mutt and Jeff routine, and the two Gershons, Brounstein and Sadowsky, are joined by the mutual interest of the Beth Hamedrash. Sheltered by its ceiling are also Israel Wohlgelernter of Toronto, Reb Mendele Berman, and a host of others we do not know of. Among them is Henry Keller.

Henry Keller is the inevitable boy-makes-good, American success story. For a while, he is lost within the mobility, but when he rises, he does it meteorically. He runs for S. C. presidency, gets elected, becomes a name overnight. Comes the voting for Class Nite, he vetoes it, he is overruled, he resigns, he becomes a controversial figure in a controversial issue. The issue dies, and so does Class Nite. And Keller, as do all names, vanishes with the archived headlines that make history. The question, though, abides: is he the father or son of the history? The saint or the sinner? Leave it to posterity. Or to heaven if you choose.

There may be headlines in small type also. As when a Sophomore, George Marcus, reveals his musical talent in unprecedented hits such as "Music for Y. U." turns out to be, and the Dramatic Society's "Fireside Fantasie." Another may be the appearance on the campus of a scholar, Dr. Nahum Glatzer. A third is Litman's combusting fireside chat on "Freud and Aristotle," where he declares that whether Freud existed or not is meaningless and that the important thing about him is that Aristotle did. As a result, everybody writes insulting letters to Litman except Birnbaum, Scheinfeld, Mermelstein, and Kejsman, who must wait till they get their eighteen credits in philosophy before they do that.



At about this time a smart-alec makes a crack about Yeshiva opening a medical school. It is a result of a microscopic news column in the "Commie." It becomes the password of pre-med hopefuls, but the masmidim have a good time with the joke. A medical school! What will they think of next? Bah! It is obvious that the meaning of Synthesis is not yet too clear to the sophomoric mind.

Also at about then, a new key-phrase is coined in the college vocabulary. Some call it the Dean's Mixer, others the Dean's Reception, still others, the Dean's Deception. Deception, because it seems that the affair is intended as an alternative to student-sponsored dramatics. In consequence, the Student Council, under the presidency of Bob Kurtzman, considers it a threat to students' rights and unanimously withdraws from participating in it. On the evening of the affair, the distinction between freshmen and sophomores becomes apparent once more. While the hypothetically inclined newcomers disregard warnings and are hypnotized by the cornucopian mirage of college receptions, their antitheses wind up at the Lane Museum, the Gem Library, or the Empress Institute of Higher Learning. The results of the protest are irrelevant; what is of primary importance is the fact that the sophomore is beginning to grasp some light above the shadows, that he is fast approaching the ideal of Synthesis.

And as June, that month of Judgment and Redemption in the life of the baccalaureate-aspirer, rises over the mist and above the horizon heralding better days, elections for next year are being held. Aaron Landes is elected President of Student Council and Leon Levy, editor of *The Commentator*. Among the sophomores, Marcus becomes Secretary-Treasurer, Steve Katz, Athletic Manager, Izzy Tennenberg, Manager of the Co-op Stores, Jake Krumbein and Leon Kestenbaum, Copy Editor and Feature Editor respectively of *The Commentator*. Petach Tikvah London, of course, that irrepressible hunk of gregariousness, becomes News Editor. Shimmy Hellerstein, a deep chap with a manner of a ball player, is elected President of the class, and "Basic-Shorty-Quicky-Hutch-Gizmo" Lieberman is Vice-President. It looks like a wonderful team for the Junior year.

SYNTHESIS

If it ain't so, hyphenate it!

(Litman)

THE college Junior, like the junior partner of a successful firm, is the fellow who suddenly finds out the meaning of Free Will and makes the most of it. He is what some call the synthesized character, the type that knows and does a bit and snatch of everything, but as a whole knows and does nothing. For it is in that year that he chooses his major, chooses his main extra-curricular interest, chooses a niche in a certain clique, and sometimes even chooses to get engaged. He is now a thorough hustler, adjusted to his environment, out to put his nose into every soup and mix all the elements in himself and in others so as to produce, be it here or there, a synthesis. The synthesized product, in short, is the perfect product.

The keynote to Synthesis being the major, some resolve to major in the most

obscure of fields, such as Litman (as in the cases of Klausner and Weissman), Brody, and Hebrew. One third of the class minors in Recreation, a strenuous course given by Doc Hurwitz. The usual majors, such as Sociology and Physics, are, as usual, thronged with students. Outstanding Soc. intellects are Shapiro, Chanofsky, Unger, that Baltimoron Tennenberg, and Red Goldzweig. Outstanding Physics students are Lowenkopf. Another popular major is Political Science, under the good-will ambassadorship of Dr. Margalith. He explains jurisprudence, government, and his daughters to a mob consisting of Davidman, "Belly" Reichel, Kain, and "Zulu" Bender. Mann and Bob "Eire-ball" Eller are projected mathematically by Dr. Lisman *ad infinitum*.

A new addition to the teaching staff may be a young animal psychologist named Helmut Adler, a truly fascinating bloke. He seems to be the only one to have a way with Novoseller, though the latter presumes it to be the other way around. Participating in the Adlerian rat-maze experiment are Aronson Lennie, Klein Izzy, "Mr. Basketball" Hershkowitz, and someone named S. Goldstein. So far with majors.

As for major strifes, there is one breaking out in the Far East, and one in the Near Eastern front of the Yeshiva underground, namely, the gymnasium. It is there that the Dean's Mixer is now held, despite protests from "Commie," though this time with the approval of Student Council. The self-made Juniors now divide and take stands, for a moment seeming as if dark clouds are about to disrupt a great team's harmony. But Synthesis once again gains the upper hand, and the secession, as do all secessions, only helps to strengthen eventually the bonds of school and class spirit.

It is at this dramatic point that a brand-new college type makes his grand entrance upon the campus. On the day with the latest fashions, he talks only Hebrew. He has a Hitlerian, though amber, mustache, but unlike his face-sake, he adheres savagely to the Honor System. He is known as Avrohom, or Dead-Eye Avrohom, due to his beastly knack at spotting cribs, copy-boys, and suspicious moves during final examinations. Though officially only an Assistant Chemist, as Mike Rock will ascertain, it is obvious that his alleged function is but a gimmick; it is soon discovered that his true identity is that of a private nose and he is here to smell a rat, to sniff out the fishy. Everybody is now slightly horrified, for here is a problem that even Synthesis cannot cope with. It takes at least another year to realize that what is needed here is a Neothesis. But more of this later.

Alas, what have we here? Yeshiva's pergrossive education attains now a new and incredible height: it is being granted a Medical School charter. Needless to say, a small minority of about a thousand units of rabbinical timber begins to fancy itself destined to shine in the annals of medical history. It is at this time that the President of the University declares that there is a great need for spiritual doctors, a suggestion which sets one to ponder upon a body-soul medical merger.

There are some *avant-gardes,* though, who still choose to adhere with fetters to the profitless rewards of literary creativity. Mar Arfa constructs a guide of contemporary Hebrew authors, Señor Don Sas composes lectures for City College undergraduates, Herr Rosenberg reads papers about doctoral

studies; Juniors like Eckstein and Mogilner contribute to the *Halapid,* and Ehrman plus Erushalmy to *Le Flambeau.* These are said to conceive their ideas after one in the morning in the newly-established laundry service of the old dorm, which consists of five washing machines, two extractors, two driers, and Stanley Siegel.

But the major and most discussed production that appears is Doc Fleisher's study of Godwin. Dr. Linn publishes a smashing and pithy criticism of it in *The Commentator;* rumors float about concerning a prospective course on Godwin given by the author. Everybody is enthusiastic and interested, and many flock to Doc's office to ask him who Godwin is.

There seem to be, however, a few noble minds who attempt to emulate neither Hippocrates nor Shakespeare. They choose the hard way and concentrate on basketball. And as a result of great integrity in the light of the presently fashionable "fixes," the Mites win second and third places in the Metropolitan All-Star Basketball Team Contest. They reap the fruits of their merit by being interviewed on the air, plus the fact that they receive $100 watches. Yeshiva goes rah-rah for a while and everybody wants to go the basketball way, which is the net way.

Traditionally, the termination of the school year brings home again the Dean's Reception, and, also traditionally, hand in hand with it come protests and disappointments. The Student Council again approves it, but this time the Yeshiva Orchestra, under precocious Petruska's direction, resolves to decline participation in the affair. The resolution, incidentally, marks the expiration of the undergraduate orchestra, accompanied by the last gasps of many a student activity of meritorious past.

Strained feelings explode one lovely March Monday, when the utterly forebearing Student Council breaks negotiations at last with the notorious Faculty Committee on Student Affairs. The relations of the Council and the Committee having been short, bitter, and fruitless, this drastic step is a decisive one in inspiring the nucleus of a more liberal and objective committee combining both faculty and students. One more triumph of Synthesis for the benefit of future generations.

Between Purim and Pessach another little drama is performed, curtains rising over the city-desk embroglio of *The Commentator* offices. The annual Purim-issue lampooning of the paper plants the seed of resentment in the heart of one well-known Yeshiva administrator. The acorn blooms into an actual oak that threatens to uproot with its branches the sapling undergraduate organ. The threat is realized, and the entire Governing Board is compelled to resign. For six weeks the fate of "Commie" is suspended on the frailest threads.

Nevertheless, with the arrival of elections, the Junior is here to save the day. Dave Mogilner undertakes the continuation of the paper with the help of Steve Katz as Managing Editor, Kesty as News Editor, Hyman Shapiro as Circulation Manager. Shimmy Hellerstein shows that he really is a deep chap when he wins almost unanimously the Presidency of Student Council. Ivan Bob Rozen is the forceful Vice-President. And as President of the now Senior Class, "Blackie" Reichel makes his grand entrance a la Primo Carnera. His platform is to make this class' Senior Year the grandest, most stupendous, most unprecedented one his bewhiskered hands are able to handle.

The Year thus ends with a beaming and hopeful firmament. More so, as one sees the abused "Commie" win the coveted "All American" rating, the highest honor a college newspaper can attain. More so, as one sees Katz Norman and Hellerstein Simon win the coveted Math Awards. And still more so, as one observes the eager-

beaver Diploma-seeker win with a knockout the third round of the grand College match. Next year, one hopes, he will win the heavyweight championship against the toughest of all contenders, Killer Neothesis.

NEOTHESIS

(Rabbi Bernstein)

We don't know.

HY is the Senior Year the toughest? Why, because it is during that year that the average masmid undergoes his most colossal conflict: the conflict between his desire to get out to learn about the world and his longing attachment to the good old campus, between the temptations of the alter ego and the embrace of the alter mater. The Neothesis is the following: 128 credits, a good College standing, an ability to pay the graduation fee, an ability to walk down the aisle properly, decent pictures for the Masmid, and Masmid ads. All this requires intelligence, activity, personality, and influence. If you ain't got that, you ain't a Senior. If you ain't got that it means you can kiss graduation good-bye, it means that you need another year of Synthesis. It can also mean your total crack-up.

The year opens with the Senior-Freshman Smoker institution, but this time with the former freshmen acting as the Seniors. Hymie Reichel, true to his growling word, makes of it a memorable affair, and the Seniors puff away complacently as they observe, and pretend not to, the blue-faced coughs of the newcomers. Incidentally, with the sky-rockety expansion of the school, it seems as if millions of frosh were of one mind to come, conquer, and flood the valley of Yeshiva. Officially, the increase is about 18%, which in Hebrew spells "life" and in Sanskrit, nothing. By now, the medical school is an uncapitalized familiar thing; unknown faces, an ordinary matter; synthesis, ideals, "a small college with high standards," archaic terminology.

The Senior, short in credits and hankering to get it over with, enrolls in the weirdest courses. Some draft-eligibles, like Blondie Gold, Shay, and "Chaplin" Zalis, take a course in Education, as if that were all they needed. Others, like Rabbi Pikelny's son, Captain Krieger, and Jack College Shechter, memorize Shakespeare under Dr. Robinson-son's tutorship-ship. The more bold and busy Seniors cut classes either to teach suckers who don't, or to indulge in the escape of extra-curricular activities. Of the former, the example of Stan Witty, roving president of T.I. and instructor of First Aid to students with injured feelings, may suffice. Of the latter, there is Shelly Singer, editor of the "Nir," a lover of Musicuriosa, things Greek, and, as a result or a cause, of Litman. There is also, of course, Willie Wealcatch, the math-minded, cigar-smoking editor of "Masmid," who lives of the Masmid, for the Masmid, by the Masmid, and in the Masmid office. Dov Kravetz hangs around the office too, and when not in the Bet Hamedrash, so do the three lock, stock, and barrel Babes, Gelman, Jacobowitz, and Klein.

When a fellow gets engaged, the sharpest guess is that he is a Senior. He simply cannot get along without expert advice. According to Marcus, they charge plenty for the advice. According to Stadtmauer, who also knows, it can't be worse than

marriage. According to the Journalist Mogilner, they are ne-Sue-ssary evils. Guttenberg and Davidman tend to agree. Rosner, who is actually married, can't say a thing.

Having gone a long, long way since his Mandelbaumian days, Manfred Fulda rises to the presidency of the S.O.Y. and the literary co-editorship of the Masmid; it is said that he leads a double life, in consequence. He, however, maintains that it is not true, since dualism is artificial. Actually, he is a duality. This, by the way, is one of those profound observations he is used to making when logic fails him.

Loyal students like Fulda notice with longing regret that this year's Dean's Reception is the last one in the history of the class. Though not all of them had pleasant implications, they still had been part of the institution and still part of the student's life. So many flock to see for the memory. They see the ghost of the Dramatic Society, with Aronson and London, come back to earth in a revival of Marlowe's Faust. As a follow-up, there appears in a subsequent *Commentator* a letter by the president of the Society, in which he officially announces its dissolution and deplores that it should be so. The present Senior now ponders about the fate of those who will follow him.

It is part of the Neothetic scientific attitude to conduct surveys. Hence the survey to determine the extent of drinking of the Yeshiva students. Though the results never appear in print, it is a common conclusion that the average student of Yeshiva drinks heavily of ginger ale, malteds, and Pepsi Cola. Very few drink water. Almost half the students are polled, in addition, in a *Commentator* survey, to discover how well they score on their knowledge of student affairs. Everybody knows the Dean, half know Mogilner, a quarter recognize Hellerstein, nobody knows Wealcatch. The latter resents this, and decides to introduce himself to each and every student with the pretext of urging them to sell Masmid ads.

As the last term starts off in full swing, a variety of miscellaneous news, related and unrelated, make the front page in bold type. "A Million-a-Month Is Med School Goal; Classes To Open in September, 1953," is science-fiction-sounding news. "Co-op Modernized; All Stores Painted," tickles the Freshman ear with gratitude and the Senior tympanum envy. "Yeshiva Soccer Team Warming Up"; "New Yeshiva Policy Only Admits New Students in Fall"; "Students, Faculty, Take X-Ray Tests"; all of it hears like Big Campus talk.

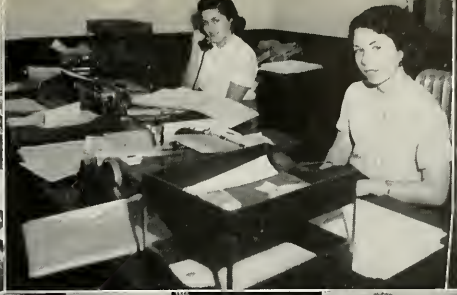
It is soon realized, though, that the enormous growth of the college is not merely an illusion. The final proof is the invitation of the "Journal-American" to student representatives to participate in an interview organized with the object of acquainting the public with American universities. The Seniors put forth views which excel in wide information and mature thought. The masmid, for once, is proud of his achievement and looks ahead to the world with new, confident eyes. More than ever, he now is aware of the beneficial results yielded by four years of thesical metamorphosis. At this point, he is about ready to be graduated.

But he can't get away without at least one more final controversy. It is one concerning the awards, which, according to the Faculty Committee, are to be based on the character, as well as, or perhaps more than, on the merits of

each candidate; connected to this is also a decision to abolish "Incompletes." Vice-President Rozen rebels against these standards, others rebel against his, and eventually a compromise seems to be in order.

The resolution of this issue is important to the Senior, but probably not half as important as the fact that he is reaching the culminating stage of the Neothetic process, the stage he has counted on and been waiting for, for four years, the stage of graduation. Available Reichel is the busiest man to be seen these days, what with the terrific graduation rings to be ordered, the most DeMillean graduation dinner ever to be staged for the benefit of the masmidim, and the saving of money to render the last down-payment on the flashiest tuxedo ever worn on this side of the Harlem river.

And there will, naturally, always be pessimists who sneeringly remark: ay, ay, but what about after that? What about the future? Eh? And the shrewd Senior replies: I should worry! It couldn't be any tougher than these last four years! Besides, the answer is—I don't know. Satisfied?



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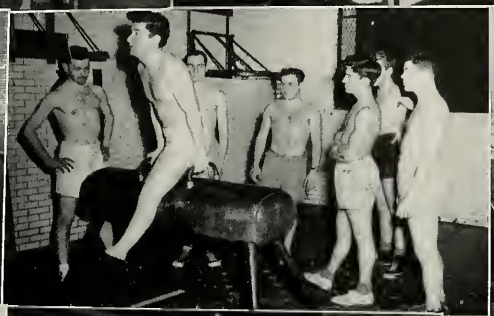


Views on the Compromised Literature

by Sol Steinmetz

Jean Paul Sartre, the exponent of the recently revived and considerably vulgarized Existentialist school of philosophy, manages every now and then to startle us with the most radical of opinions. Being a writer, his favorite topic is literature, and he exceeds himself in casting new and extreme light upon this fetching theme, which, as it stands today, must bear the weight of frequent and painful criticism. As the Existentialist he is, Sartre is concerned with this existence, this of his own lifetime, and of no other; his philosophy, therefore, is one confronted at all times by a deep sense of temporality which requires, in consequence, complete obeisance to the present, to the inescapable "situation."

The application of this concept to literature may be summed up in the word action. According to Sartre, contemporary literature, in one way or another, must lead to action. Needless to say, the word is to be the unit of action, writing the equivalent of transforming, and everything written is to presuppose an attempt to cause change. Our life, Sartre would explain, is a total enterprise, a resolution that refuses to be an abject passivity, and a work of literature, likewise, is something of an enterprise: the entrepreneur cannot be suffered to the irresponsible, he must strive to be correct in his books despite the knowledge that future centuries may strip him of his correctness, and above all, the writer must bind himself, compromise himself, entirely in his works, to a point where a revocation of his choice of action would be an admission of failure.

Hence, the general term compromised literature, and its supplement, the compromised writer. The immediate implication of this concept, as formulated by Sartre and interpreted by others, is that it is a rejection of all traditional and pure literary values. For quite obviously the compromised writer professes a preference for revolutionary values and a faith in the moral and political efficiency of his works, rather than an adherence to literature *per se*. It is, therefore, hardly strange that many have diagnosed an acceptance of such norms as the suicide of literature. One of the few who strongly object to the notion of compromised literature, but, nevertheless, are fair enough to refrain from crude stigmatizations and the passing of judgments, is the prominent Argentinian critic, Guillermo De Torre.

In his *Problemática de la Literatura (Editorial Losada, Buenos Aires, 1951),* De Torre severely criticizes Sartre's philosophy of literature, without, however, sentencing it to doom. Rather than calling it suicide, he considers it as one more symptom of the crisis literature is presently undergoing. The explanation of this crisis is essentially the one presented recently by John Aldridge, namely, that a justifiable change of values has come about since the renaissance of the last generation. But that is not our concern, for De Torre is interested in the specific attitude of the compromised writer, and he believes that the "only valid refutations of (his theories) are those made from within" and not on the grounds of precedence or comparison.

In the first place, De Torre believes that Sartre is utterly wrong in effecting such a "violent historialization of literature, such a determined mortgage on the present."

It is beyond doubt, he admits, that at the height of our times every work is an act and the writer must be responsible for his acts, but does this mean solely that such a purpose should guide his words or ostensibly impress his intentions, and no other criteria should count? It is surely, continues De Torre, "the pure works, those built with all sincerity, with a distinterested aim, illumined by the aesthetic grace, that in the long run emerge as the richest in both echoes and consequences." This observation implies that those others intended to create an extra-artistic finality, avid to demonstrate something, even if they achieve their immediate effect, will not delay in losing their resonance. De Torre thus concludes that if the literature pervaded by moral or political intentions, by the spirit of reform, is given a primary position, and if the one inspired by pure art and distinterestedness becomes secondary or non-functional, then literature as a powerhouse of art will lose most of its force.

Lastly, De Torre arrives at a balance between his antithetical poles, Sartre's positive and negative attitudes, and makes the assumption that the French writer's fundamental motive is the eagerness to influence. Hence, he proposes, if Sartre's writer would merely be faithful to his age and tend to translate his eagerness for the absolute without deceiving his relativist sense, then he would at least be guided by a basic objectiveness. But Sartre's writer is dominated by the desire to influence; and the literature of influence, he believes, runs the risk of converting itself into a militant literature, in the service of this—or against that, losing in the process its peculiar and inalienable aesthetic virtues. As a result, the artist becomes more and more aware of his public, not, of course, to submit himself to it, but to discover through it the breaches for a more efficient ideological access. Moreover, and what is the greatest evil, the authentic quality of literature is then gradually displaced by a flood of low-grade propaganda.

De Torre continues in this vein, but for our purposes, the three-fold dimension of his criticism is sufficient for a clear understanding of his opinion. In short, his alleged position is that of a beacon and his function is to warn literary experimentalists not to play science with the belletristic religion.

In that sense, his position is analogous to that of a number of critics, from Hazlitt to Ruskin to Unamuno to George Nathan, who, in rejecting new standards, differed only in calling their essentially identical attitudes either purism or art for art's sake. Obviously, De Torre wishes to hold things back a bit. The robot of Naturalism has been a great advance, no doubt, but behold how it has relegated to practical uselessness all the living waters of traditional "pure" literature! The organic is rapidly vanishing, and the synthetic robot, made up of scraps of politics, psychology, sociology, and what not, threatens to pluck out the heart of the matter, the beautiful from Beauty, root and all. The fear is verily justifiable. But not so the criticism.

Assuming with De Torre that the "only valid (criticisms) are those made from within"—in itself a fallacious principle, since his notion of "pure literature" is evidently based on a yardstick of comparative criticism—it is somewhat difficult to conceive that the present crisis in literature, and specifically the danger in Sartre's theories, resides in the willful dismissal of "pure, sincere, and aesthetic" values. Needless to assert, there never has been a literary movement, artist, or work of value that has, in any conceivable way, kept itself pure from every sort of conscious or unconscious influence. The whole concept of purity is a Shavian fallacy that begs for considerable revision.

The word sincere, however, in this context, strikes a singular chord. It seems to imply that books whose primary purpose is not to bring to light works of art, of beauty, are achievements the integrity of which we may doubt. This, to say the least, is debatable. One should think that the primary aim of say *Gulliver's Travels* was not merely to create a thing of beauty. One should think that *The Republic* or Lord Chesterfield's letters or Hamsun's *Hunger* or Keats'—yes, even Keats'—*Odes* were not motivated by the mere desire to express in an aesthetic way the aesthetic grace of "marble men and maidens overwrought." One should think, lastly, that the urge of self-expression, or the "devotion to something afar from the sphere of our sorrow," or the urges of anger, love, hate, pity—one should think that these, and not a hazy purity, run through the veins of great literature.

But let us return to Sartre. It is clear that his concept of literature is that of one saturated with moral and political intentions, with the spirit of reform. It is also clear that Sartre does not advocate such a literature with the negative view of condemning any other sort. He is merely affirming in a sensational way an idea that is rather old, not necessarily acceptable, and mostly forgotten because of its obviousness. He is saying that literature is not of any value if it is directed by the will to exhibit or entertain, by the will to attain fame, or by the will to show one's powers in doing creative work, which is what art for art's sake psychologically means to him. He says that "in the compromised literature the compromise should never let us forget *la littérature*. Our goal should be to serve literature, injecting into it new blood, while simultaneously serving the collectivity by attempting to provide it with the literature that best suits it." In other words, the writer should serve literature by seeing to it that none of the aforementioned motivations should find a place in his works. He should never forget literature: literature should be his end, and in order to make it so, he must employ effective means, tools such as responsibility, complete compromise with his work, an active and activating spirit; only thus will literature go forward and attain its greatest heights.

If this, then, is Sartre's purpose, as it certainly is, then De Torre's statement, that there is in Sartre an undercurrent of remorse and inferiority towards that which is no more than literature, is an *a priori* extravaganza and should not be considered any further.

Still, in all fairness to De Torre, one must emphasize the last part of the previous quotation: "While simultaneously serving the collectivity by attempting to provide it with the literature that best suits it." This, as De Torre says, means both that the compromised writer should be motivated by an eagerness to influence, and that he should submit himself to the public in order to discover an access for his influence. That may be so. But De Torre maintains further that such an attempt will inevitably lead to the production of mere propaganda, an assumption that again is questionable.

None will deny that Proletarian literature, which reached its peak of influence in the United States during the thirties, is or should be classified under the category of propaganda. Yet it is quite well known that its aim was to influence: it portrayed sympathetically the lives and sufferings of the Proletariat and exposed the injustices and economic inequalities that its writers saw in the society in which they lived. True enough, its leading writers were often Communists or communist sympathizers, and their Party enthusiastically endorsed and encouraged its production, frequently using it for purposes of propaganda. Their view was towards inducing amelioration,

and at extreme times, toward changing governments. But—and here emerges the lesson of history—it is now a fact that this type of literature represented to the greatest degree the sincere response of authors to an era of economic depression, unemployment, and to certain persistent social injustices which they knew from their own experience.

What does this show us? It shows that propaganda only becomes that when the writer loses contact with his individual self and convictions and begins to produce actual, unequivocal propaganda for his party, probably for a salary. It is *not* that, not at least by necessity, when he himself is compromised in his work, when a *rapprochement* exists between the two. It further shows that when Sartre suggests "the literature that best suits it," he simply means the one that best suits the collectivity in the light of the times, circumstances, and conventions. In other words, that literature should adhere to the theory of temporality, of action and activation. For Sartre writes concretely: "If it is asked now if the writer, to reach the masses, must offer his services to the Communist Party, I say *no*." Of course. Sartre may be privately a Communist of sorts, but he is by far either too earnest or too cautious to advocate the overthrow of literature.

Curiously enough, he who is troubled mostly by the temporality and impermanence of a society, tends to bear in mind the status and, perhaps, the welfare of future generations. Aware of his own human limitations, he humbly awakes to the reality of human continuity. Though the greater worrier, he is the lesser egotist. Hence, Sartre, the temporalist, has fundamentally in mind the view future generations will have of us. Knowing that their major source of truth will be literature, he wants them to see exactly, accurately, scientifically, the motives that guided us, the values that checked us, the possessions we fought for but could not obtain, and those we did obtain. These truths may be discovered only through the author's paramount compromise with his work, the most dynamic responsibility towards it. It may be claimed that so much obsession with temporality and responsibility is sure to stultify creativity in many a writer. But even so, in the last analysis it must be admitted that those who *will* write, will do so at the expense of greater energy and thought, which are exactly the qualities pervading the best literary material.

Romance at Dawn

by Perry London

(The following story was the recipient of the Jerome Robbins Memorial Short Story Prize for 1951, awarded annually by the Class of '43—ED. NOTE.)

As he lay still, with his hands folded on the covers over his belly, his eyes fixed hard to the little blue or even yellow and purple spots that danced on the ceiling, the boy listened to the songs of night and felt the urge to sing aloud. He wanted to, and of course wouldn't, for he might wake the governess and be paid a scolding for his joy. Softly he hummed to himself no tune till he became bored with the monotony of his voice and stopped. He heard the noises of the party next door, far away and all a pleasant buzz which never stopped and never started, but was there, really sinister, because the drone was lulling him to sleep, which, perhaps, was duty; but he knew desire better and pampered it because no one was around to annoy him with duty, and he was too happy much to care.

The Calmans must be ever so much richer than Daddy, he thought, because they have a butler who is old and ugly that I hate; but maybe not, because he only serves at parties and weekends and such, and my governess is here always.

The boy turned on his side and shut his eyes, waiting to fall asleep, and slowly moved his hand down the smooth flesh of his side and chest and felt the warm aliveness of his belly and hip and thigh and closed his two legs down upon the hand. It was sweet and good and happy with a wonderful inside feeling, and he could feel the gladsome tingling of his body and was in no way tired.

"I wonder what it's like to be outside very late at night," he whispered. "Have you ever been out so late?" "No," he said, "indeed I haven't. Sounds like fun; but suppose someone should catch me, and I should be spanked?" "Why, who will catch you at this hour? Mommy and Daddy are sleeping, and Miss Link must be snoring. 'Aghgh-whsooo Aghgh-whsooo'. Don't be a sissy, you can chance it." "Well, perhaps for just a little while. It must be great fun, but I shan't stay out long." He giggled and turned over on his back again, rubbing his bare arm across his cheek, and licked it, biting slowly into it until it hurt a little and he let go and felt the tooth-marks with his finger.

Suddenly he sat up and hugged the covers close around him, nuzzling his chin in their softness. Then he threw them off and pulled his knees up to his chin, his arms around them, lifting them from the bed and, balancing on his rump, turned and sat on the edge and released them and, holding his legs straight out, shot himself up. He tiptoed to the dresser and found a heavy sweater which he slipped on his bare body. He picked up his shorts from the chair next to the dresser, balancing on one foot while he stuck the other through and nearly fell, making a little clatter by pushing the chair a couple of inches. He stood very still and listened for some sign of awakening in the next room, because the chair rattle sounded like little bombs exploding that would make everyone jump up from bed and run to his room. But nothing happened, so he sat down on the bed and put on his socks and shoes and then sat slowly edging his finger up and down the tiny hairs of his calf, enjoying

the rippling tickle, and pressing the tight wires below his knee, feeling them give way slightly beneath the skin.

And the night songs called again, and he felt a song and a joy so great within his breast, so tight and so glad, that he stood up quickly and slipped stealthily out of the room into the corridor and down the stairs. At the bottom he stopped again to listen, and when he was sure that he had gone unheard, he walked boldly through the kitchen out the door into the garage. He bumped his shin against the car bumper and, bending to rub it and ease the hurt, he saw the outline of his bicycle in the darkness. He switched on its headlight, pointed to the ground, and snapped open the tool case built into the frame, fumbling in the half-light till he found a bent, dirty cigarette and a folder of matches behind a bag of marbles. He lit the cigarette and put the matches back behind the marbles and shut the case, turning off the light; then, holding the cigarette behind his back, though not for fear of being seen, he thought, he went out the side door of the garage and into the chill.

Behind the house was a wide yard, closed in by a low stone wall. The neighboring house, where the party was slowly dying now, stood about twenty-five yards off. Farther back was a large meadow with a tree-shaded pond at its center, its boundaries stretching out to the main highway, just barely visible from the boy's back yard, where he sat straddling the wall and facing the Calmans' house. He took long deep puffs on the cigarette and pushed the smoke back and forth in his mouth, then let it stream slowly up and watched the diaphonous haze in the light of the quarter-moon. A cool wind blew through his hair and added its cold to the night air that chilled his bare legs, and he rubbed them with the soothing warmth of his palms. He finished the cigarette and crushed it out against the wall and sat still, watching the shimmering moon on the pond which was half-covered with a ragged kimono of desiccated leaves. He grew quickly bored and, glancing up at the dark windows of his house, he smiled at the skill and cleverness of his escape. Now he sang audibly and tunelessly,

"Filthy, meany, old Miss Link,
All she does is snore and—stink!"

He spoke the word loudly and temerously, laughing at his daring, and then stopped suddenly and nearly fell off the wall in his haste to take cover when the back door of Calmans' house opened and someone stepped out into the yard. He looked up slowly over the wall and saw the man's back and knew by his gait and size that it was the hateful butler that once caught him smoking with Arny Calman and told Arny's parents who told his parents who spanked him and wouldn't let him watch television for two weeks afterwards. The butler walked across the yard and towards the meadow because it was shorter that way to the highway where he could catch a bus back to the city. He was wearing old clothes now and not his butler's suit.

The boy scrambled over the wall and followed him, keeping low in the meadow grass and behind trees, forgetting even to wish something terrible might happen to the butler because the romantic moonlight chase left no room in him to hate. The man walked quickly without looking behind until he had gone half the length of the pond; then he slipped into the shadow of the trees, and the boy had to come very close to see him. He stopped and took a big paper bag from underneath his jacket and scraped a hole deep under the roots of a large oak, shoving the paper bag into it and filling in the dirt. He covered the place with a pile of leaves, looked

quickly around, and resumed walking towards the highway. The boy watched him and knew that he had stolen something and followed him out to the edge of the meadow, crouching beneath a bush near the bus-stop sign, and saw the man wave a greeting to the policeman walking down the sidewalk towards him; this because Arny had told him that the police always kept someone in this neighborhood night and day to protect all the rich people like their parents. Then the boy knew why the butler hid the paper bag, because he was afraid he might meet the policeman and he would find out about his stealing. The policeman stopped to talk to the butler, who lit a cigarette, and the boy saw his face and hated and feared him, admiring him too, because he had stolen right under the Calmans' eyes. He was terribly afraid they might see or hear him, so he shut his eyes and closed their talk from his ears because if they found him the butler would tell his mother but he might tell how he saw the butler steal but they mightn't believe him and he would show them the buried goods and they would arrest the butler but his mother would spank him anyway for being out so late.

Pretty soon the bus drove up, lighting up everything, and the boy trembled against the ground because his legs were so cold and his breathing so loud that they would hear, and the lights of the bus, like two glaring suns, were showing him to the world, shrieking his presence. He tried to hold his breath, but he couldn't. Then the man got on the bus and it drove away, and the policeman walked on down the street. It was quiet and he was alone. He jumped up and ran across the meadow to the place where the treasure was buried and, pushing away the leaves, scraped up the loose dirt and pulled out the paper bag. Clumsy with excitement, he opened it and saw, wrapped in a cloth, spoons and forks and knives. He was disappointed because he had wanted to find diamond rings and pearl necklaces and golden coins like real robbers steal, and here was nothing but silverware. But it was pretty for silverware, probably frightfully valuable, and the butler must have wanted to hide it and sell it. He rewrapped the utensils in the cloth, put them back in the bag and carried it under his arm as he walked back to his house.

"If you give it back," he whispered, "and tell how you saw him take and hide it, that'll be something for all the kids to hear about!" "Yes, but Mommy or Daddy will spank me for being out." "Then give it back in the morning, and say you found it." "I suppose that would be honest, but . . . no, I won't." "Well, then, what will you do with it?" "I'll keep it of course, and if that old stinker says he'll tell on me for anything, I'll just let him know I know his secret, that's all."

When he reached the wall behind his house, he set the bag carefully on top while he jumped over, then he picked it up and walked to the garage. He opened the door and took one last look at the night outdoors before he went in.

The phantom of dawn smoke-colored the sky on the horizon; it was very late, and he should probably be too tired to get up in the morning when snore-stink Miss Link would wake him. In the garage he snapped the headlight of his bike on again and opened the tool case. He took out the bag of marbles and emptied it into his pocket. A couple fell on the floor and he couldn't find them because they rolled under the car. The bag was canvas and very deep, so he put the silverware in, cloth and all, folding over the top, and put it back and closed the case and squashed the empty paper bag, throwing it into a corner of the garage.

He went through the kitchen and stood still at the foot of the stairs. It was quiet as before. He sat down on the second step and unlaced and took off his shoes, holding

them in one hand as he crept up and pressing the other tight against the pocket with the marbles in it, thankful that the stairs were heavily carpeted. At the top he halted again and then hurried into his own room and undressed, dropping his clothes on the floor, forgetting about the marbles which clattered inside his pocket against the floor, frightening him for a moment, and dashed into bed and under the covers.

The songs of night had mostly stopped, and he fought to keep his eyelids open and to think about his adventure. He was proud of his genius and happy because he was daring enough to steal something which had no value for him but an honorific one, but must have been worth a great deal both to its owners and the thief, and—he had stolen it from under the nose of a thief. He giggled and turned on his belly, throwing himself hard against the smooth sheet, and the heavy covers were warm against him, and his body was warm. And he knew how angry Miss Link and Mommy and Daddy would be if they knew, but they never would, because he wouldn't tell them, and no one else could.

"Filthy, meany, old Miss Link,
All she does is snore and stink!
How I'd love to see her sink!"

And he fell fast asleep.

City Image

The buildings stand like cold, gray hands
And reaching, clutching skyward
Let the colorless fog
Slither through their dirty fingers.

Streams of rain from unseen faucets
Cleanse the finger-nail windows
And leave behind them broken trails
As they trickle down the brittle arms.

Beneath those unprotecting shafts
Muttering men bow down to rampant rain
And hurry home angry and wet,
Holding about them garb, grotesque and wrinkled.

Unmuttering children play in corner pools
And lift up their faces to catch the drops,
Stick out their tongues to lick the rain,
And when darkness comes, hurry home to bed.

David K. Levey

Two One-Act Plays

by Robert Hammer

Expectation

The scene is the living room of a flat in Brooklyn, decently and neatly furnished. At stage right is a door leading to the hallway. At the left a door leads to the kitchen. Near the kitchen door is a small stand on which rests a telephone. There is a couch against the back wall, flanked by two end tables. There is a lamp on each of the tables and a floor lamp at the right. A framed picture hangs above the couch. Stuck into this frame is a cardboard sign with the words "Welcome Home, David" lettered on it with crayon. It is evening. The curtain rises. Mae, *a woman of forty-five, is standing at the right. She is dressed as if for a party. Her husband,* Lou, *is seated at one end of the couch, almost hidden in back of a newspaper. He is slightly older than* Mae, *and is dressed in his rumpled work clothes. Their daughter,* Arlene, *is seated on the other side of the couch. She is a girl of ten, and is dressed in the same party fashion as is her mother.*

MAE: Do you smell something, Lou?—Lou?

LOU: What?

MAE: I think it's burning.

LOU: So turn it off.

MAE: It's not done yet. What time is it?

LOU: Eight-thirty.

MAE: Fifteen minutes—Lou?

LOU (*looking up from his paper*): —hm?

MAE: Lou—why don't you get dressed? You've still got time.

LOU: I'm dressed.

MAE: —in your working clothes—why can't you—

LOU: Will you leave me alone already, Mae? I'm trying to read the paper.

MAE: I see—I see. The paper—you can't put down the paper. That's very nice, isn't it? For one night you could live without it. (*He doesn't respond.*) Will you answer me, Lou?

LOU: You're talking nonsense.

MAE (*sarcastically*): I'm sorry. I didn't mean to bother you. I know you're busy and this is only a trifle, of course. It's nothing at all, I'm sure. Go—go read your paper—why don't you go to a movie, maybe? It's not too late—

LOU: I'm not going anywhere. I'm sitting here for the same reason you are.

MAE: —like that? Dressed like that?

LOU: Am I a model? He's seen me like this before. It shouldn't be much of a surprise.

ARLENE: Ma—how much longer have I got to sit here, Ma?

MAE: A little while more. What's wrong here? Am I the only one here with feel-

ings? Arlene sits on pins and needles, and you won't get dressed—what is it?

LOU: He didn't want us to meet him at the boat?—he wants to come here himself?—good—I don't have to get dressed for him either.

MAE: Oh! I smell it—see, it's burning—(*she rushes toward the kitchen*)—I told you it was burning—(*She goes into the kitchen*)

ARLENE: Pa?

MAE (*offstage*): —oh my goodness—

LOU: What do you want?

ARLENE: Pa, how old is David?

LOU: Twenty-four, five maybe.

MAE: It's burned—maybe it's no good!

LOU: It's all right. He'll like it.

ARLENE: You know, Pa, I don't remember him.

LOU: You were only four when he left.

MAE: He likes apple pie—I think he does, doesn't he?

LOU: Any pie.

ARLENE: He won't know who I am.

LOU: He'll remember. We sent him a picture.

MAE: Maybe he doesn't like it anymore—in four years it all changes.

LOU: So he won't eat it.

ARLENE: I'm getting tired of these fancy clothes. Would Ma be mad if I took them off?

LOU: Sit where you are. Don't make trouble. (*The phone rings.*)

ARLENE: I'll get it. (*She picks up the receiver.*) Hello?

MAE (*coming out of the kitchen with a pie plate in her hands*): Is it him?

ARLENE: No, Ma, it's Elaine. (Mae *goes back in the kitchen*)—yes—I don't think so, Elaine—but they wouldn't—if I'm there in half an hour, you'll know—O. K.—goodbye. (*She hangs up the receiver.*) Pa, Elaine wants me to sleep at her house.

MAE (*offstage*): Tonight?

ARLENE: Yes.

MAE (*enters*): No. You absolutely cannot.

ARLENE: I told her I didn't think you'd let me. (*She sits again.*)

MAE: Of course not. Don't you want to see your brother?

ARLENE: She only lives downstairs, Ma. I can come up to see him.

MAE: You will stay here and wait. Now a fine reception this is for him—if you went away for four years, Lou, I'm sure he would dress up for you.

LOU: I'm not going away for four years. I've never even been away for four weeks, and I never will be.

MAE: So? The point is that—

LOU: The point is why didn't he let us come down to the boat?

MAE: I don't know.

LOU: Why? Would he be embarrassed or something?

MAE: Well, it's been so long—

LOU: He would be embarrassed from us, maybe. He comes from Europe, you know, with big friends and a big head—

MAE: No, no, Lou.

LOU: I came from Europe too, you know, but without a degree, without a party, and without a fancy room on a boat, or nice clothes—

MAE: So aren't you glad you can have those things?

LOU: Of course—if he doesn't get so high-toned from it.

MAE: That's not true. You're only looking for a quarrel with him. You're jealous of him, Lou.

LOU: I? Don't be ridiculous.

MAE: Then stop looking for an excuse. I won't have it. When he comes back, you will be nice to him. It's going to be hard enough for us all to get back together again without this chip on that shoulder of yours.

LOU: If he's nice to me, I will be nice to him. I never had a fight with him before he left, and if he's the same boy, I won't have a quarrel with him now either.

MAE: Maybe he'll even be better—

LOU: Yeah, he thinks he's better already.

MAE: You think he's different, Lou, you think so? Maybe he is. But what will be—away from home, who knows what could have happened to him? For all I know, he won't care about us anymore. It won't be the same. Oh, I hope it won't be that way.

LOU: Everything's always got to be the same? (*The phone rings.*)

ARLENE: I'll get it. (*She picks up the receiver.*) Hello—no, Elaine—she said—

MAE: You tell her your brother's coming home and you can't go away.

ARLENE: Yes, Ma.—no, Elaine. My brother David's coming home. Maybe tomorrow night—I know—all right. Goodbye. (*She hangs up the receiver and returns to her seat on the couch.*)

MAE: He should be here soon. What time is it, Lou?

LOU: Twenty to nine.

MAE: Any minute—any minute. You don't think he could be bringing home a girl?

LOU: Who knows? Some fancy girl, I suppose, with—

MAE: He wrote once about a girl—I hope not—he'll have to have a nice wife, I suppose; a doctor needs a nice wife.

LOU: A doctor already—that's right—that's what he is. There's only one thing I want from him. I want him to appreciate—to appreciate what we've done for him—all the opportunities we've given him—everything I never had—nobody sent me abroad to be a doctor—nobody. I had to work all my life for every penny. At least he should be grateful.

ARLENE: Oh, Ma—I'm so sick of sitting here! I wish he'd come already.

LOU: If he'd let us go down to the boat we would be seeing him already—he does even the first thing wrong.

MAE: Let him alone. Stop trying to imagine what he should do. Let him do something himself for his life. Just because we did so much for him—

LOU: We gave him everything—

MAE: That doesn't mean we own him. It's his life he's living, not yours. (*The door bell rings.*)—the door—he must be—oh, Lou—! (*The bell rings again.*)

LOU: Well, press the button—let him in—(*The bell rings once more.*)

MAE: Oh, I'm so—(*The bell rings again, loud and long.*)

LOU: I'll do it. (*He gets up and goes over to a button on the wall near the hall door. He presses it.*) Take it easy, Mae.

ARLENE: Ma—can I go down to Elaine's house after he—

LOU: Keep quiet, Arlene. Your brother's coming home. (*Footsteps can be heard on the stairs outside. They become louder and nearer to the room, as the curtain slowly falls.*)

Calendar Art

The scene is a small, blue kitchen of an inexpensive flat in New York City. In the center of the room there is a large table heaped now with candies and fruit, around which are arranged five chairs. On the back wall is a large calendar with the picture of a nude woman. Underneath this, there is a shelf on which stands a white alarm clock. There are two doors, one at stage right leading to the hall, and one at stage left leading to the living room. The room is lit by one glaring bulb in a fixture on the right wall. It is Saturday evening. The room is empty. The door at the right opens. Dick *and* Norman, *boys of seventeen, and a small boy of nine enter.*

Boy: Here is the place.

Dick: Where did they go?

Boy: Next door, I guess. They said they'd be back soon.

Dick: All right, thanks. Here's a dime.

Boy: For what?

Dick: For showing me in.

Boy: That's O.K. They told me to. I live upstairs.

Dick: Take it anyways.

Boy: Thank you. (*He takes the dime and leaves.*)

Dick: This would be a good opportunity to get out.

Norm: As long as you're here you might as well stay.

Dick: I know. I promised them I'd come. But I didn't promise I'd stay long! You'll come back soon, won't you?

Norm: I don't see why you're so anxious to avoid them.

Dick: Because I know what will happen—I know exactly what they'll say, Norm.

Norm: What?

Dick: Never mind. But you'll come back soon, won't you? Then we can go over to your place and finish writing the story. All right?

Norm: All right. Have a good time.

Dick: Thanks. (Norm *leaves, and* Dick, *who is wearing a suit, dress shirt, and tie, sits down at the table, left. Voices are heard in the hall.*)

Flo: So I said to him to keep the damn meat. If he can't charge a decent price, I won't buy from him, that's all. There are other butchers. (Mort *and* Bill *are talking to each other.*)

Rose: They're all a bunch of crooks.

Mort (*while* Flo *and* Rose *continue conversing*): And he comes in there like he owned the place and he tells me my stuff's no good.

Bill: A nerve!

(Flo, Rose, Mort, *and* Bill *enter.* Flo *is a woman of forty with gray hair. Her husband,* Mort, *is fifty, fat, and sloppy. He wears brown trousers, spotted with dirt and spilled food. His torn shirt is open at the collar, revealing a grimy undershirt.* Rose *and* Bill, *two cousins of theirs, are in their forties.*)

Flo: I've been buying from him for ten years. You'd think he'd have a little consideration for his old customers. (Bill *and* Mort *continue talking.*)

Rose: Listen, it's no worse than that hair dresser of mine. For years she's been charging the same price, then suddenly, last week, she asks a dollar more! So I argued with her, but it doesn't do any good. They're all the same.

FLO: Yeah, a bunch of crooks.

MORT (*while* Flo *and* Rose *continue gabbing*): He worked for me for twenty years, collecting rags, a bum he was, and then just because he got a little money—

BILL: Yeah, and I'd like to know where he got it, too.

MORT: So now he buys rags from me, and he says I charge too much. You can't talk to those people with a swelled head.

FLO: Yeah, a bunch of crooks. (*She sees* Dick *who is now standing.*) Dickie! (*She goes over to him and kisses him. The rest of the conversation ceases.*) How are you?

DICK: Fine, thanks.

MORT: Hello, Dick. How's it going?

DICK: O.K., and how are you, Mort? (*They shake hands.*)

ROSE: He sure got big, didn't he?

BILL: Sit down, Dick.

DICK: Thanks. (*He sits. There is a pause of strangeness in the conversation.*)

FLO: Well—how did you get in?

DICK: The boy upstairs. He said you told him to.

FLO: We did.

ROSE: I'm surprised you came, Dick.

DICK: Why?

ROSE: You're always so busy. You've been down here a few months and every time I ask you to come over, you say you haven't got time.

DICK: Well, you know how it is. Going to college takes a lot of time.

BILL: It seems to me you should always have time to visit a relative. You come from a different city, we just try to be nice. I'd expect the same from your mother if we had a son going to college up there.

DICK: I'm really sorry. I'll try to come again soon.

FLO: You remember the last time we saw you, Dickie?

DICK: It was at Aunt Celia's wedding, wasn't it?

MORT: About four years ago. We all came up there and stayed at your grandmother's house.

ROSE: How is Celia?

DICK: She's fine. She has a baby girl.

ROSE: I know.

DICK: Oh.

FLO: And your mother and father?

DICK: Fine, fine. They always ask about you in their letters.

ROSE: Celia certainly looked beautiful at the wedding, didn't she, Flo?

FLO: Yes. The whole thing was pretty.

MORT: Eh—too much fanciness for me—those dress suits—

BILL: Just because you looked so foolish in it, you can't wear clothes anyway.

MORT: Who wants to dress up so stupid anyway? Aren't they stupid, Dick?

DICK: Well, I suppose it all depends on your personal taste. I never wore one.

MORT: You're only a kid yet.

FLO: He is not. He's almost a man, aren't you, Dickie? He's so big.

MORT: Man! Sure, but when he gets to be my age, then he'll know what it means to be a man.

BILL: You? How would you know? You never grew up.

MORT: Now listen!
FLO: He's only joking, Mort.
BILL: Yeah, take it easy.
ROSE: Bill's always kidding around, Richard. Don't take him seriously.
DICK: Oh, I see.
BILL: Yeah, I get a kick out of life. What the hell. So tell us about school, Dick. How do you like it?
DICK: It's not bad.
ROSE: How do you like New York?
DICK: Very much.
MORT: Go to many shows?
DICK: The opera and the symphony, occasionally.
MORT: You like that sort of thing?
DICK: Well—yes.
MORT: It's all right, I suppose, if you like it. I enjoy a good musical comedy myself. You ever go to one?
DICK: No. (*Quickly*) I mean, I'd like to, but I don't have much time.
MORT: Hey, Flo, where's the dog?
FLO: I let him out.
BILL: You call that thing a dog?
ROSE: Now Bill!
BILL: Well my G-d, Rose, he must be twenty years old. And what a smell! How do you stand it, Florence?
MORT: He don't smell!
BILL: Working in that stinky store of yours, you'd never know the difference.
ROSE: Bill! He's always kidding around. Don't mind him, Mort.
FLO: What are you going to do when you get through school, Dick?
DICK: I really don't know.
MORT: You must have some idea.
DICK: Well, I was thinking of—of a writer—
ROSE: A writer?
DICK (*quickly*): —or a lawyer.
BILL: Now that's better. What in hell would you want to be a writer for?
DICK: It's always been what I liked to do.
ROSE: It's all right for school kids, but you can't make any money out of it.
DICK: I know, but—
MORT: I've got a nephew who's a lawyer. Now that's a job! He's got all sorts of connections, and makes money, real money.
ROSE: Writers starve.
DICK: Yes, but money isn't everything. I mean maybe I could make some money that way too, if I'm good enough.
MORT: You got to be plenty good.
ROSE: And even then—be a lawyer.
DICK: I know.
BILL: Just like every kid, with all sorts of high ideas, but wait, when you get to making money, to earn a living, then you'll see it isn't so easy.
DICK: It was only an idea.
MORT: You'll grow out of it.

Bill: You should talk about growing up! Look at that calendar, Flo. Since when do you allow naked women in your house? Don't you have any pride?

Flo (*laughs*): Aw, you know, Mort. Him and his pictures. He's never too old to look at naked girls.

Mort: What's the matter with it? It's art, a real work of art. Don't think so, Dick?

Dick (*laughs shyly*): Yes, if you say so. (*He busies himself eating and tries to ignore the conversation.*)

Bill: You remember the time when we all went to the burlesque show? It was on your fifth anniversary.

Flo (*laughs loudly*): Wasn't that a panic? All those fat girls wiggling around. I thought I'd bust laughing.

Mort: They weren't so bad.

Bill: Mort liked the costumes, what there was of them. (*They all laugh.*) Did you ever see a burlesque show, Dick?

Rose: Bill!

Bill: Well, if he hasn't he will. (*Suddenly the lights go out.*)

Mort: Darn, another fuse.

Flo: Go fix it, Mort.

Rose: Come on, we'll go over to our house. When Mort starts with electricity it takes hours.

Mort: Light some candles. (Rose *takes out three candles, lights one and gives it to* Mort. *He and* Bill *exit right. She then puts the other two on the shelf beneath the calendar and lights them.*)

Flo: Come on, Dick. (*She and* Rose *leave, but* Dick *remains. Only the candles illuminate the room, and their glow softens even the vulgarity of the picture, giving it the appearance of being in a holy shrine.* Dick *rises and stands in front of the calendar. The little boy opens the door.*)

Boy: Mort! Ma wants to know if you're going to fix the light. We can't see.

Dick: He's not here. He went to fix it.

Boy: Oh, you're the relative I let in, aren't you?

Dick: Me? I'm no relation to any of them!

Boy: I thought they said—

Dick: Forget it.

Boy: What are you looking at?

Dick: A picture.

Boy (*comes near him*): It's beautiful, isn't it?

Dick: You think so?

Boy: I wish I could draw like that.

Dick: Why?

Boy: So I could be a painter.

Dick: I thought all boys wanted to be firemen.

Boy: Not me.

Dick: What does your mother say about it?

Boy: Nothing.

Dick: Doesn't she tell you that all boys must be firemen and make a lot of money?

Boy: I just want to draw. Then I could make such pretty things. What are you going to be?

Dick: I—I (*There is a knock at the door, and* Norm *enters.*)

NORM: Dick?

DICK: Here. Come in. The fuse blew.

NORM: Oh. How was it? (*The little boy leaves.*)

DICK: Normal, oh so normal. Tell me something, Norm. Why is it that it's always the same?

NORM: What is?

DICK: When I'm alone, when I'm writing, when I'm thinking, everything is so—so beautiful. I think about people, and there's always so much hope—

NORM: Hope for what?

DICK: For common things. There's always beauty in them. (*He gazes silently at the calendar.*) In everything.

NORM: Well, isn't there?

DICK: Then I come here and I know that this, this *is* everything, this is normality, and I can't see anything in it! It's all the way it was, and always will be

NORM: That's not so!

DICK: Oh it is; I live in my world, and it's all beauty and candlelight—(*Suddenly, the lights go on, and the coarse laughter of* Mort *and* Bill *coming up from the cellar can be heard.*) But you see? (*He points to the calendar.*) That's the way it is, Norm, that's life.

NORM: Come on, Dick, let's get out of here.

DICK (*sits slowly*): What's the use? It's all the same, here or elsewhere, it's all the same—

(*The laughter can be heard growing increasingly louder as the men approach the room. The curtain falls.*)

Into the Night

by David K. Levey

There is one watcher of this moonlit night
Alone in his dark room above the street
Who, with the eyes of some great hungry beast,
Peers out and longs for more than he can know.

From far beyond the power of his sight
There come to him a myriad of sounds
Too soft to wake the still and silent dead,
Too full of life to let the sleepless sleep.

Within his mind, the voices melted into one
Are magnetized by all the voices from without
As some small nail is drawn with unseen force
Into a loadstone's cold and hungry grasp,
And powerless beneath the spell of both
He moves into a darker world, but one
That is the womb of all his wonderings.

He loves the paradox of light and gloom,
This Mona Lisa night that smiles to him
In soft restraint and keeps him safe from eyes
That would not understand his panting heart.

The wind grows jealous of this deadly calm
And flaps and whirrs its wings in sudden flight.
The waving of the trees beneath the sky
Is like the dance of love-mad Salome,
The branches weaving are the seven veils
That tempt the eye and show the moon's white flesh.

And yet, his gaze cannot be fixed for long,
Elusive night escapes his pagan touch
And summons every priestess to the task,
More holy than Olympic mountain rites,
Of moving on to meet the waiting dawn.

In fright he runs from sight to sound and on
To drink of every fountain of the night
And thinks—that in his frantic urge to find
The half-beclouded being that rules above—
The mystic queen who dwells on her black throne
Will deign or dare to lift the clotted veil
That hides the longed for meaning of her reign.

Again he sits alone, above the street,
Absorbed in watching dawn ascend the throne,
And looks in vain, with tired eyes, to see
The secret hand that holds day's scarlet robes
And places on his head the golden crown.

Comedies of the Restoration

by Ira Albeck

The plays of the Restoration were humorous dramas which were painfully reminiscent of the *fabliaux* of the Middle Ages. They represented an erotic never-never land where sex was king, and was served by his faithful subjects morning, noon, or night, whenever the time was convenient and the unsuspecting husband or wife was not looking. And what an odd and diverse group these "faithful subjects" were! They comprised as queer an assortment of rakes, rogues, cuckolds and courtesans as one is ever likely to find. In this Freudian dreamland even innocent bedroom closets contributed their share to the lustful proceedings. They literally abounded with amorous dandies of all sizes and shapes who lay in wait, ready to perform their mischievous deeds. All this ribaldry took place in a fictional society based on a pre-Marxian communism which was matrimonial, not economic, in nature, wherein the motto "share and share alike" was applied to husbands and wives, and everybody fulfilled his duty by having fun at someone else's expense.

Were these comedies judged solely on the basis of their humor, they would be found to be quite excellent, indeed. However, since they are plays, they must also be judged by the criterion of dramatic art, and in this respect they are found to be sadly lacking in quality.

Perhaps the most outstanding fault of Restoration comedy is that the action contained therein is not "real." Life is too variegated and follows too many paths to let any one thing hold a person's undivided attention over a very long period. For this reason, novelists and playwrights work a side interest, like falling in love, into their plots, in order to provide their heroes with at least one other interest besides the main goal which occupies them throughout the play or novel. This human element sometimes slows the action a bit, but the authors feel that they would rather create a slower-moving reality than a world of speeding non-entities. The dramatist, especially, must provide his characters with sufficient diversity of action in order to show that they are "real." He often cannot, like Shakespeare, establish realism by employing the methods of introspection and psychological analysis used by the novelist, without overburdening the conversation.

The Restoration playwrights never considered these facts. In the stage form they created, the sexual motive was exaggerated to such incredible lengths that the starting point of action was sexual desire, the goal was sexual fulfillment, and the intermediary action was of a purely sexual nature. One does not expect the characters to turn aside, even momentarily, from their one-tracked pursuits any more than one expects racing dogs to swerve from the mechanical rabbit they chase. Wycherley's Mr. Horner is attracted to Mrs. Pinchwife and follows her, showing as much distraction in the process as one finds exhibited by an automaton. Perhaps a one-track-mind existence of this sort is just right for a Mack Sennett gorilla, but it merely lends a ridiculous artificiality to plays that supposedly deal with human beings.

The one-dimensional action has its counterpart in the one-dimensional charac-

terizations, which prevent the *dramatis personae* from ever becoming convincingly real. We can never take them out of the play, as we can Shakespeare's characters, and think of them in real life. They have only one side, the side they are always exhibiting. They are so stereotyped that their actions in any given situation can be easily predicted. They seem to be forcing themselves to portray their parts. The fop acts like the perfect fop and the rogue is always the typical rogue, no matter what happens. People in real life are not so consistent. The human fibre is too flexible a material to react the same way to diverse life situations. What makes a man himself is not that he always acts the same but that he is always the same at heart.

The only outstanding character who acts convincingly real is Valentine in Congreve's *Love for Love*. As the pleasure-seeking spendthrift who meets his match in Angelica, he exhibits the vicissitudes of the human spirit in all their variations. His words at the end of the play, "I yield my body as your prisoner, and make your best on't" (words usually spoken to him) are the culmination of a myriad of human emotions wrung out of a soul that has gone through too many changes to be artificial. He is not an unreal Aimwell or Horner, but a vibrant human personality, a veritable Hamlet.

There is an important difference between the one-sided characterizations in the Restoration comedies and the one-sided characterizations of other writers, notably Dickens. Dickens' plots covered a sufficiently wide range of human interest to prevent any character from becoming too rigid. Characters whose characteristics were one-sided in certain respects were prevented from becoming altogether unreal by the involved course of action, which made them display real human personalities in other respects.

The dramatis personae in the Restoration comedies, on the other hand, suffer from the limitations imposed by the one-dimensional action. Instead of evolving the characters, the one-sided action stifles their development by not providing enough variety of action and interest to evoke a many-sided response. An inter-relationship exists, in which the one-dimensional action results in one-sided characterizations.

Charles Lamb in his essay, "On the Artificial Comedy of the Last Century," recommends that the Restoration comedies be judged within their own moral framework. A somewhat similar problem, not discussed by him, is whether it would be valid to judge these plays within their own *dramatic* framework. The one-track action and one-dimensional characterizations would be defended on the same grounds that Lamb justified the low moral standards of the comedies; because the characters are inhabitants of their own peculiar world and the action takes place in a never-never land created by the Restoration playwrights. This is their world, and their personalities and actions do not have to correspond to the many-sided personalities and multifarious conditions of *our* world.

Upon further investigation, it will be found that this argument is untenable, since it contradicts the very definition of fiction. Any work of fiction tells of things that never happened, but it tells of them in such a way as to make them a part of the things that do happen. It can even deal with unknown things, as long as it bases its picture of the unfamiliar upon the life of men as we know them, upon such characters, actions and passions as we see about us.

The Restoration comedies with their abnormally one-sided personalities and absurd one-sided action plainly failed to fulfill these requirements. They never maintained the standards of true comedy, which takes the element of realism in

account. In the Mack Sennett farces, "Fatty" Arbuckle laughed at anything and everything that happened and "Buster" Keaton maintained his deadpan expression in the face of earthquakes and exploding bombs. True comedy never over-emphasizes such absurd one-sided personalities, whether they are goofs obsessed with laughter, or love-mad fops obsessed with sex. Of course, it never goes to the other extreme by over-emphasizing the realism. It attains a happy medium, possessing enough realism to prevent artificiality, but not as much as would eliminate the "light touch" necessary for successful comedy. Thus, Charlie Chaplin's characterizations, which were described by James Agee as being "as representative of humanity, as many-sided and as mysterious as Hamlet," never lost their unique, humorous quality which caused a whole generation to laugh.

It was pointed out that the Restoration comedies were reminiscent of the *fabliaux,* the medieval counterpart of the "dirty joke." This was because the comedies and the fabliaux were similar not only in the type of racy subject matter that was common to them, but also in the fundamental characteristics of humor which were inherent in both. It was from these characteristics that the faults in the Restoration plays arose.

A fabliaux is nothing more than a joke with smutty content. A "joke" is defined by the dictionary as "something said or done to excite a laugh." Put into any context, this implies an organic whole, consisting of words and/or actions, all of which are centered about, and aim toward, laughter. Thus, the action and characters brought into a joke have no value *per se,* but are important insofar as they contribute to the humor. Any characterization which takes part in the joke will show that side of itself necessary for humor. Realism is certainly no criterion, and it is perfectly legitimate for a character to sprout wings or grow an extra pair of hands if it makes the joke more humorous. (This is known as farce when it is transferred to the medium of the stage.) This means that the joke is judged completely within its own framework of action, and no other factors are of any significance.

The Restoration playwrights forgot that comedy, by its very definition ("humorous drama"), contains both humor and drama. They overemphasized the humor and neglected the aspect of dramatic art to such an extent that their plays adopted characteristics inherent in another form of entertainment that stressed only humor and neglected artistic criteria—the joke. Since humor and not dramatic art was their main objective, they too showed that one side of the characters' personalities necessary for the furtherance of the humor, and built the action on the single track necessary for a humorous effect. This resulted in an artificiality of the highest degree. Unfortunately, their plays could not be judged within their own framework of action and could not be defended solely on the grounds that they evoked laughter. There were dramatic standards to be considered, and when these were applied, their comedies failed to meet the test.

Although "brevity is the soul of wit," it is not the essence of the dramatic counterpart of wit, comedy. In the same way, humor, which is the sole aim of wit, is not the only goal of good comedy. The Restoration playwrights forgot this, and the Restoration comedy of manners resulted.

A Sea-Change

by Arthur Taub

The warm, oleate sweat of an August evening burned into his forehead and dripped tingling and torturing onto his flushed cheeks. The dullbright glare of the uncovered incandescent on the book and the pokerfaced blackness of the window and the pressing fetid outside added pique to a slow roasting; as if all the old miasmas of the apartment house and of all bedsmelling cabbagefumed apartment houses were wound about his throat (like a towel steeped in alcohol, hot) to suffocate and burn the throat of thought. Ken rose slowly and painstakingly removed his sopping undershirt and walked around to the bookshelf and back. He lit a cigarette and sat down again, without a sound.

He was walking on the street now, toward the Harlem River Terrace, not knowing whether the terrace and the railfence and the river would be there when he arrived in a sort of dream; and not quite caring or really not notcaring. (Look the man and his Great Dane, licking its infernal chops in a blank infernism that cries for diurnal meat, Moloch of the apartment houses. What, yes, it's only a dog that wants to eat every day and not be bothered by propositional functions and quanta and Havelock Ellis.)

The empty bench overlooks the Harlem, polluted Harlem, not of Haarlem Holland, burnished and woodenshoed and starchy-collared that mothered the fathers, stiff Dutch burgher fathers, who never lived on the Heights it was too high and far when old woodenleg bigot Petrus Stuyvesant stamped his wooden leg and defended only his pride from the British. Little lights on the other side that glow where Hooverville glowed, always since I can remember, since seven years ago. Queer that in seven years so little of this place has been my own that is to say to have said that I lived here and not that I studied here.

Look, they're walking by. What's that? Why, shall I listen to them let them sit on their own bench without me listening. Let the boy and girl sit on their bench and let me concentrate as I should on what on Russell and Poincare and Hermite and Cantor and Mach and Black. A weary mind it is that cannot see the desire in difficult things, like turning your tongue over a sore tooth to feel the pleasure of it that is the reward of the difficult things to understand. Ken, look only at the water. Who wants to understand to know that a stone will probably fall to the ground and will probably hit it and will probably not rise up again, or that a shell will, or that an atomic bomb or a rocket will, like in Donne?

He puffed now again, without cease now, now puffing to burn the cigarette to the end, feeling the grayplanks of the bench support the small of his back in an inanimate gentleness and firmness a passitivity a hold that asks nothing in return like the steely sternfaced book. He turned now to the river his mind a pitterpat of books and games and of the funny thing logic is that logically it can be any logical structure any logical form that is of course logical since we make it logical when we say it is logical and it conforms to our my your logic system that is complete in itself like an algebra like that girl that sits on the bench but she is not a thing complete in myself and can never be though I'd like to.

If a promontorie be washed away by the sea who would be the lesser if I lived in the sea? Look at the river and think not of life but of death that holds in a firmness that asks nothing that gives nothing that is only a warm swishing of cold waters that is only a warm folding and unfolding, a warm closeholding whose white hair is made when tugboats cross in the early evening. Murky, garbagey, bubbly Harlem with diamond lights and dots to hold you in my hands and swish you from one to the other as I would a skein of cotton feeling the texture and the soft flow with my fingers. Not to think. Not to turn my tongue or start the swirl in my convoluted maze in the foursquare of my pons or my cortes cerebri (or did Galen say it was a refrigerator) well then, better a convoluted refrigerator to be cold in the head and warm in the feet with a morphia that is not temporal.

The evening cooled, and the Times next morning as I recalled even carried the precise temperature that had been reached and what temperature in Centigrade, Fahrenheit, Kelvin, and Reamur degrees. The School of Engineering somewhere no doubt measured that day the precise current flow of the Harlem and no doubt could have told you the refractive index of the murky siltwater, if you were interested, and they were interested. But he was not interested and walked back up 187th Street his stomach a flat thing, his dry mouth a parched hole and his respite and solution unfound.

Behind, the two on the bench were calm in a kiss.

Who Knows How High?

Who knows how high the sun stood in the sky
Or if the night's discerning eye was seen
When Keats beheld an urn with his true eye
And Spenser thought to pen the Faery Queen.

I'll never know how cool the water felt
That lapped against the barge of Egypt's star
As she lay clasped to Mark and they did melt
In love and glided on with death not far.

Still more, for I shall never see Time's Jewel
Except as she appeared in Shakespeare's sight
Or even know if Time, he feared, was cruel
To take his love into eternal night.

But if I never find where lie the fair,
What matters this, for here they dwell, not there.

David K. Levey

The Drama in Browning's Monologues

by Barry Eckstein

The intensity of everyday living that we all experience has taken over the realm of thinking. We no longer have time to think through ideas and so we have recourse to such books as, *The Basic Teachings of the Great Philosophers, The Basic Teachings of the Great Psychologists, The Basic Writings of the World's Great Religions,* and so on.

Similarly, we are all guilty of adopting the tendency to "capsulize" concepts into one-word associations. How often have you mentally retorted to yourself the italicized word(s) when someone was discussing Plato (*World of Ideas*), Rousseau (*Naturalism*), Froebel (*Kindergarten*), Binet (*I. Q. Test*), Wordsworth (*Nature poet*), Joyce (*Stream of Consciousness*)?

Chances are that if one were to mention Robert Browning's name, the associational response would be either Elizabeth Barrett or dramatic monologue. The reason for this association is clear, for with both of these "forms" did Browning contribute to the scope of human experience. With Elizabeth he made romantic history in the Victorian era by spiriting her away from her father; with his dramatic monologue he made literary history by completely subjugating this hitherto untamed animal of the field of literature and bringing it back to the reading public *alive*. (True, there were those who had made use of the dramatic monologue before Browning but none of them with the same skill and genius. Tennyson's *Ulysses,* for example, and his *Oenone* belong to this same class.)

By the use of the adjective *dramatic* certain qualities and qualifications are implied. And it is this point, namely, to determine the intrinsic dramatic makeup and composition of these literary masterpieces—the monologues—that I propose to clarify.

Obviously, to investigate logically this problem and its solution, we must have a clear picture in our minds of what is meant and implied when we apply the term *dramatic* to certain exceptional situations in life (e.g. a dramatic moment), because in the drama usually presented to us on the stage there is a tendency to represent such situations rather than to portray the commonplace.

Perhaps this characteristic of the drama had its origin in Aristotle's *Poetics* when he states that the chief characters in tragedy are "highly renowned and prosperous." Shakespeare carried on this classical tradition by having his tragic heroes either of royal rank like Macbeth, Hamlet, and Lear or else of high station like Brutus and Romeo. Naturally, to the populace these characters represented the exceptional rather than the commonplace—hence, the dramatic.

Thus, the dramatic element in this popular sense can be found quite easily in Browning's monologues. The unchristian behavior of men of the cloth, as we find it described in the *Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister, Fra Lippo Lippi,* and *The Bishop Orders His Tomb at Saint Praxed's Church* certainly is strange, unexpected, and capable of producing a sense of shock, all of these things being qualities of the drama.

Specifically, the intense hatred of one Brother for another ("If hate killed men, Brother Lawrence, God's blood, would not mine kill you."), the carousing cleric

who was no slouch with the women ("What, 'tis past midnight, and you go the rounds, and here you catch me at an alley's end where sportive ladies leave their doors ajar"), and the nefarious deeds of a bishop (". . . . that conflagration of my church—What then? So much was saved if aught were missed!") all have dramatic elements of the exceptional in life.

Occurrences equally exceptional by general standards are a husband who accepts his unfaithful wife and ruins his artistic career to provide her and her lover with money, a vain aristocratic egotist who feeling that his ancestral name was being cheapened by his wife who had a "heart . . . too soon made glad," "gave commands; then all smiles stopped together," and a scholar who so devoted himself to learning that he permitted life with all her joys to pass him by ("This man decided not to Live but Know") with no regrets.

All of these plots—if they may be so designated—have within them the dramatic, the exceptional and the strange—the handmaidens of the Goddess Drama.

Another thing in which we are all likely to be interested is action; and when this assumes the quality of the dramatic, our interest is greatly augmented. It is, then, not surprising that action of some kind has long been considered an essential trait of drama. (The very word *drama* means "doing," or "something done.") Physical movement alone, however, is not drama. When a gymnast comes upon the stage and shows us some spectacular feat, we see action but not drama. And if, between the acts, a man in the audience should suddenly climb up over the footlights and before our eyes shoot himself through the head, we should witness action of a very dramatic kind; but it would not be drama. By action in the drama we usually mean movement from one separate action or group of actions to another, or from the display of one emotion to that of another, or we mean both. In short, we mean progressive movement—movement from situation to situation, which is ordinarily the equivalent of story.

Action *per se* is wanting in Browning's poetry. In fact, I believe that it is the lack of the type of action that the public craves that marked Browning's attempts at the formal drama for failure. It appears that Browning's forte lies rather in the action that displays the movement from one emotion to another.

Perhaps in connection with action, it would be wise to point out one characteristic that runs through all these dramatic monologues with the exception of the *Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister* which actually should not be considered a true dramatic monologue. *All of them are presented in the form of flashbacks.* In other words, the main action lies in the past rather than in the present. Consequently, the emotional action cannot take place in the relating of the tale since it would be too melodramatic to have the protagonist break off in the middle of the tale with a sob of regret—"O, why did I do it? . . ." It must, therefore, lie in the transition from the speaker's reminiscing to his addressing the listener of these monologues.

By the same token, the movement from one separate action to another can occur only in the past. In Fra Lippo's recital of his evening's escapades, he states:

> "Scarce had they turned the corner when a titter
> Like the skipping of rabbits by moonlight,—three slip shapes—
> And a face that looked up . . . zooks, sir, flesh and blood,
> That's all I'm made of! Into shreds it went,
> Curtain and counterpane and coverlet
> All the bed-furniture—a dozen knots,

There was a ladder! Down I let myself,
Hands and feet, scrambling somehow, and so dropped,
And after them."

Naturally, there is some action in the present—as "Will't please you sit and look at her . . . Will's please you rise?"—but this is superficial action at most. Lines of the same vein as above are merely a ruse to remind the reader that there is one-sided conversation going on.

To substantiate this claim that action can only be present in the flashback, let us examine the *Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister*. Not by pure chance did Browning call this poem a soliloquy and not a monologue, for there is a vast difference between them.

The soliloquy is a discourse by one who is talking to himself or is regardless of any hearers present. The monologue, on the other hand, is "a part of a drama in which a single actor speaks alone." This means that while the soliloquy precludes any possible hearers, the monologue does not. Therefore, in the *Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister* when, by definition, there are no listeners, even Browning realized that it would be poor technique to have a person who is talking to himself present the exposition and, therefore, could not relate the reason for the Brother's animosity.

For this reason the *Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister* was included in the collection of short poems known as *Dramatic Lyrics*. These poems are lyric in form. They are written in stanzas, or at any rate in rhyme, rather than in dramatic blank verse. Besides, they have pretty much all of the lyric qualities except subjectivity. Instead, they have dramatic objectivity, the sentiments expressed being not Browning's but those of imaginary characters. And again they are dramatic because in each case an imaginary person presents some crisis or moment of tension in his own experience. However, he communicates his experience directly or indirectly to *us* rather than to some other person who has shared in it. We seem to hear the narrator talking to us or to all who overhear him talking to himself; we are not made to feel that he is acting out a scene before us as if on a stage. Therein lies the difference between the dramatic lyric and the dramatic monologue. In the dramatic monologue the narration seems addressed to another character whose presence is implied, and as a result we imagine that the incident is being acted before us. In the dramatic lyric we have narration, not conversation.

Naturally, in this type of poem, since there is no flashback, there will be no action as such. And since all the "dialogue" is placed in the present, there will only be action of an emotional nature. For example,

" 'St, there's Vespers! *Plena gratia*
Ave, Virgo! Gr-r-r—you swine!"

For some typical examples in which the action occurs in the transition from the musing over the past to the addressing of the present, we have only to read these lines in *The Grammarian's Funeral*:

"While he could stammer
He settled *Hoti's* business—let it be!—
Properly based *Oun*—
Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic *De,*
Dead from the waist down.
Well, here's the platform, here's the proper place."

and these lines in *My Last Duchess*:

"I gave commands;

Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet
The company below . . ."

and these lines in *The Laboratory*:

"While they laugh, laugh at me, at me fled to the drear
Empty church, to pray God in, for them!—I am here.
Grind away, moisten and mash up thy paste,
Pound at thy powder,—I am not in haste!"

Another thing which has long been held essential in the drama is conflict. Here again we see the character of the drama determined by popular interests. Conflict, though it may not be inherently necessary, is a thing which in real life always stirs our interest and the thing from which drastic situations constantly arise. For these reasons it is inevitable that the conflict should be an important element in the representation of life on the stage. The conflict which we find in drama shows either man's struggle against forces outside himself, or, as is often the case, shows both kinds of struggle in the same play. Browning uses all three combinations.

A typical form of outer struggle is that in which there is a violent opposition of two wills. What more poignant example of the use of this type of conflict can be found in Browning's works than in the open disapproval of the Duke of his wife's actions and the resulting outcome?

Of great importance is inner struggle—the struggle which takes place in a person's mind when he is torn between conflicting duties, or passions, or tendencies in his own nature.

In this respect it is a little more difficult to find inner conflict to the same degree that outer conflict exists in Browning's works. In *Andrea Del Sarto,* though, we can detect the struggle occasionally breaking forth from the heart of the painter when he says such things as:

"Had you enjoined them on me, given me soul,
We might have risen to Rafael, I and you.
Nay, Love, you did give all I asked, I think—
More than I merit, yes, by many times . . .

A good time, was it not, my kingly days?
And had you not grown restless—but I know—
'Tis done and past; . . .

I'll pay my fancy. Only let me sit
The grey remainder of the evening out,
Idle, you call it, and muse perfectly
How I could paint, were I but back in France . . .

Yes, you loved me quite enough, it seems to-night.
This must suffice me here. What would one have?"

For a mixture of inner and outer struggle we must turn to *The Bishop Orders His Tomb At Saint Praxed's Church.* Here the outer conflict appears to be the constant vying of the Bishop with Gandolph, his predecessor, while the inner conflict, although appearing momentarily, is the Bishop's vacillation in confessing about his

deeds of the past. This conflict is resolved when the Bishop's ego gets the better of him. For a moment we see the Bishop squirming inwardly when he says:

> "Draw close: that conflagration of my church
> —What then? So much was saved if aught were missed!
> My sons, ye would not be my death? Go dig
> The white-grape vineyard where the oil-press stood,
> Drop water gently till the surface sinks,
> And if ye find . . . Ah, God I know not, I! . . ."

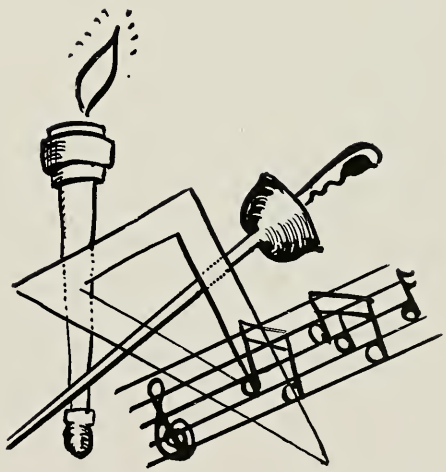
Thus we can generalize that Browning utilized the media of conflict with no special preference but rather adapted the type of conflict in keeping with the characters' personalities. Hence, the haughty Duke would experience no pangs of conscience over his treatment of the Duchess; the sensitive artist, on the other hand, would be keenly aware of all that befell him and constantly go through meditative introspection, while the vain Bishop, attempting to out-Gandolf Gandolf, would suffer inwardly at moments before revealing his past on his death bed.

I now turn to what is possibly the best yardstick for measuring a fine drama —dramatic monologue. The writing of good dramatic monologue is a difficult art. In the first place, even though the dramatist may wish his play, in its total effect, to be an expression of his personal views, he should at least make his lines seem to voice the sentiments of the characters, not his own. If he does not, the characters will be mere mouthpieces and the play will strike the audience as artificial. In the second place, the dramatist must usually give us dialogue more consistently brilliant than the ordinary speech of real life. Efforts to bring upon the stage the language of actual everyday conversations are never likely to meet with much success. To say this is merely to extend the universal law of literature which demands some heightening of ordinary life.

Browning pleads guilty to both these charges. He exhibits true genius in managing as a rule—although occasionally as in *Andrea del Sarto* his own philosophy does come through—to control his own ideas and merely represent the *Men and Women* as they really are. Moreover, by skillful use of this dialogue he manages to imply some action on behalf of the listener which tends to interest the reader and also remind him that this is not a soliloquy but a monologue.

It may seem paradoxical that Browning who revealed true craftsmanship in composing those brief monologues, failed utterly as a dramatist. The reason for this, I believe, lies in Browning's unique dramatic genius. His power lay in illustrating critical moments in the history of an individual soul rather than in setting a picture of active life on the stage. He was psychological and inward in his dealings with character, and showed too little the effective deeds of men. His attention was always fixed not essentially on the action but on the forces and conflicts of the inner life. Therefore, he felt himself encumbered by the machinery of the regular drama, and found his chief channel of expression in the dramatic monologue. I have no doubt that had he lived in an age when the drama was the chief form of literary expression, he might have done his best work in that field.

Activities



Student Council

Ivan Robert Rozen
Vice-President

Simon Hellerstein
President

Martin Lindenbaum
Secretary

Last year's agreement between Student Council and the Administration raised many problems. The question of censorship of The Commentator, faculty supervision of the Co-operative Stores, and student representation on the Faculty Committee on Student Affairs had lasting effects on this year's council.

After the first few months of the school year, club activity was at its lowest. Student Council realized that in order to prevent this *Danse Macabre,* it would be necessary to organize a committee whose sole function would be to reawaken and coordinate student activities. Thus, the Student Activities Committee (SAC) was born. Stanley Wagner was appointed as its first chairman. "Each student with an activity," was the slogan adopted by the committee; and its proposed goal was to create in Yeshiva an *esprit de corps.* Under the supervision of SAC, the dormitory lounge was opened during school hours. SAC published a bi-weekly report on student activities and invited all students to help by establishing a suggestion box.

An athletic council was formed this year for the purpose of expanding intramurals. This athletic council consisted of an athletic manager from each class; and was presided over by the college athletic manager, Ed Jacubowitz.

In the field of varsity sports, only the fencing team kept Yeshiva spirits high. Home basketball games were well attended, considering the fact that Yeshiva's team was a losing one. A soccer team was formed; equipment was purchased; and by next year, soccer should become one of the school's major sports.

The Fire-side Chats tradition was continued under the chairmanship of Leon S. Levy and Stanley Siegel, for the fall and spring terms, respectively.

Among the social events, prominent were the Senior-freshman smoker and the Dean's Reception. The latter was again supported by the Student Council with the hope that the groundwork would be laid for more autonomous student-sponsored affairs. The program was planned by Robert Rozen and Harold Reichel. The Senior Dinner was also a success, being held this year at the Manhattan Towers Hotel. Harold Reichel and Morris Stadtmauer, officers of the Senior class, were co-chairmen of this affair.

Increased efficiency was instituted in the Co-op Stores. The administration approved the formation of a large centralized store. A bookkeeping staff was organ-

ized under the guidance of Professor Young. This will prove to be of great value in the near future.

Student assemblies were addressed by Rudolph Halley and General Clark Eichelberger. Student participation in school activities was the central theme of many of the assemblies.

In order to improve the election procedure for class representatives to the Student Council, a committee was formed to submit recommendations to Student Council on election procedures.

Keys for service and extra-curricular activities were distributed by a committee headed by Hy Reichel. By strict interpretation of the requirements, this committee attempted to restore respect for Student Council awards.

A far reaching decision was made by Student Council in its decision to purchase a die for the college rings. The purpose of this purchase was to standardize the college ring and in the long run—to lower its cost.

There was only one major difficult problem which arose during the year: the establishment of a new system for the distribution of College awards. Though there was much controversy on the subject, the problem did not flare up to the point of unbearably straining Student Council and Administration relations. It is hoped that the final solution will be a satisfactory one to all.

The accomplishments of any Student Council fall into two categories: immediate and long range. Student Council, this year, was forced to labor under the shadow of frictional relations with the Administration. This was due to the failure of past Student Councils to achieve their desired goals by the means they deemed expedient. A sincere attempt was made, this year, to break the wall of distrust which made cooperation with the Administration a virtual impossibility.

"Good fences make good neighbors"; but fences between the Administration and the Student Council can only lead to enmity and bitterness.

Members were:

Upper Seniors: Harold Reichel, President; Morris Stadtmauer, Vice-President. *Lower Seniors:* Leon Kestenbaum, President; Max Godzweig, Vice-President. *Upper Juniors:* David Mostofsky, President; Meier Grajower, Vice-President. *Lower Juniors:* Albert Deutsch, President; Joseph Fisher, Vice-President. *Upper Sophomores:* Sheldon Rudoff, President; Abraham Morduchowitz, Vice-President. *Lower Sophomores:* Norman Rosenfield, President; Seymour Essrog, Vice-President. *Freshmen:* David Moses, President; Judah Harris, Vice-President.

CO-OP

BOOK STORE

Sidney J. Tennenberg
Manager

The "new look" came to the Co-op stores this year. Freshly painted walls, fluorescent fixtures, receipt machines, posted schedules, and a complete bookkeeping system exemplified the metamorphosis of the Co-op stores from the one-horse status to a modern emporium. The Co-op, as in previous years, continued its expansion program so that anything from yoyos to refrigerators and television sets could be procured at substantial savings to the students; the gift department was enlarged and included sterling silver, religious items, and all other merchandise carried in leading gift shops.

The bookstore offered attractive discounts to students on Seforim and Modern Library editions. Reference books were kept in stock throughout the year. The mail order department aided the students of the Graduate School and the Psychological Clinic in procuring books otherwise unobtainable due to the different class set-up in those schools.

The Candy Store included in its merchandise Yeshiva stationery, decals, pennants, sweaters, hats, and cigarette cases in an effort to encourage school spirit. Among other items, candy, cake, school supplies, cigarettes, and toiletries were sold.

Seated l. to r.: A. Goder, S. Bah
ond row: S. Shiff, G. Marcus, H
bowitz, E. Wohlgelernter.

CONCERT BUREAU

I. Lubowsky, D. Hiesinger

STORES

Tennenberg, I. Goodman. *Sec-*
era, A. Morduchowitz. E. Jacu-

CANDY STORE

M. Stadtmauer

GIFT STORE

Saul Bahn
Manager

The Concert Bureau distributed tickets to top radio and television programs, as well as to concerts, dance recitals, and dramatic presentations. Tickets to Broadway plays were made available to students in all departments of the University.

For the first time, a complete stock of Jewish cantorial and Israeli records was offered at a substantial discount. Tape recorders and phonographs of all makes were made available through the Record Bureau.

Saul Bahn and Sidney J. Tennenberg were the managers of the many departments of the Cooperative stores.

Members of the appliance and gift department of the stores were Harry Goder, George Marcus, Dave Miller, Chemia Kleinman, Jack Greenberg, and Seymour Schiff.

Members of the Book Store were Dave Mostofsky, Si Auster, Hyman Arbesfeld, and A. Shidlovsky. Heshy Goodman, Morris Stadtmauer, E. Jacubowitz, Harry Spiera, Stanley Witty, Fred Klein, A. Morduchowitz, and J. Zaimen were members of the Candy Store staff. In the Concert Bureau were David Hiesinger and I. Lubowsky. The record store staff members were E. J. Wohlgelernter and Irving Goodman.

Debating Society

Seated l. to r.: S. Siegel, J. Adelman, Dr. Fleisher, G. Rosenthal, R. Rothman. *Standing:* J. Erushalmy, R. Rozen, B. Eckstein, J. Shechter.

Maintaining its tradition as one of the most active and successful societies at Yeshiva College, the 1951-1952 edition of the Debating Society was instrumental in spreading the fair name of Yeshiva to the various campuses. Despite the fact that the team was compelled to debate throughout the entire season on the rather dry and technical subject of "Price and Wage Controls," they managed to develop it into a rather interesting and exciting topic.

Under the able guidance of Professor David Fleisher, the Y.U. Debating Team had its usual large share of success. The so-called "bull-sessions," with the popular Doctor Fleisher, were no doubt a prime factor in the team's splendid accomplishments. The officers of the Debating Society were equally efficient. Gil Rosenthal was the very active president, and was very ably assisted by Jack Adelman, secretary. Bob Rothman acted as campus manager and did a good job in running the prevarsity debates with the assistance of the general manager, Jack Shechter. The ubiquitous Stanley Siegel handled the rather difficult financial angle in his capacity as coordinating manager.

The highlights of the 1951-1952 debating season were, of course, the outstanding local debates, as well as the extensive debating tours. At home, Yeshiva met such outstanding opponents as West Point, Columbia, and Rutgers. The team also launched a rivalry with Barnard College. Three tours were sent out to out-of-town schools. The southern tour covered among others, Princeton, Howard, Annapolis, Johns Hopkins, and Georgetown. The New York State tour covered such schools as Cornell and Colgate. The third tour was sent to the New England area to debate the outstanding schools in the Boston vicinity. Harvard, M.I.T., and Tufts were the major schools on that tour. The debaters' over-all record for the season was twenty victories, six losses, and five ties or non-decisions.

Other debaters were Joseph Erushalmy, Robert Rozen, and Sam April. Freshman debaters were Morton Gefter and Fishel Pearlmutter.

Eranos

Seated, l. to r.: W. Kotkes, I. Pechman, S. Rudoff, J. Goldman, M. Fulda, A. Kupchick, I. Klein, J. Davis, S. Siegel. *Standing, First Row:* L. Aronson, H. Lerner, W. Millen, S. Singer, A. Weissman, F. Horowitz, M. Narrowe, A. Lichtenstein, C. Freundlich, A. Skaist, J. Petroff. *Second Row:* D. Miller, L. Kestenbaum, S. Tannin, A. B. Eckstein, M. Stadtmauer, M. Brickman, N. Liss, I. Wohlgelernter.

Under the auspices of Eranos, the classical society of Yeshiva College, a highly successful series of monthly lectures was conducted this year. The underlying purpose of these lectures was to demonstrate that Western civilization is still based on the ideas and principles discovered by the Greeks two and a half thousand years ago.

Fully cognizant of the importance of this message for the entire student body, Eranos, with the cooperation of Dean Isaacs became an integral part of the college's Orientation program. Professor Floch, the guiding spirit of Eranos since its inception, opened the season with a talk on "The Social Aspect of Linguistics," in which he developed the idea that language is the story of human society.

Professor Linn discussed the position of English as one of the Western Germanic languages within the framework of the Indo-European family, but stressed what he called "the living core of Latin, which has nourished the English language since the Renaissance." Another interesting lecture, on the topic "Language and Literature," was delivered by Professor Braun.

"What Classical Culture Means to Us," was the subject of a lecture by Dr. Halberstadt. He outlined the various movements in Greek civilization, showing that their common denominator was their chief interest in man.

Speaking on "Art as the Cultural History of Mankind," Professor Chernowitz, with the use of slides depicting paintings from primitive cave-man art to modern cubism, demonstrated that "art, through the ages, moved in a cycle."

This year, Eranos was also successful in establishing a chapter of the national classical fraternity, Eta Sigma Phi, at Yeshiva College. The aim of this chapter at Yeshiva is to encourage its members to engage in original research in the classics.

Officers of Eranos were: Manfred Fulda, president; Abraham Kupchick, vice-president; and Joel Smilchensky, secretary-treasurer.

International Relations Society

Seated, l. to r.: K. Bender, M. Suna, N. Hecht, S. Siegel, J. Adelman, I. Goodman, M. Hyman. *Standing:* W. Wealcatch, D. Chanofsky, S. April, M. Heller, M. Goldzweig, M. Mostow, J. Balsam, H. Shapiro, M. Gordon, E. Krumbein.

This, indeed, was a banner year for the International Relations Society. Highlighting the year was a very stirring speech by Rep. Jacob K. Javits on "Civil Rights in America." Also sharing the spotlight was an address by Rudolph Halley, President of the City Council of New York, on "Crime and Corruption in Government." Another assembly featured General Clark M. Eichelberger, Director of the American Association for the United Nations, who spoke on "The United Nations." This was the first year that assemblies were held under the sponsorship of the I.R.S.

Other speakers at I.R.S. meetings were: Dr. Abram Organsky, Professor of Government at Brooklyn College, who spoke on "The Social and Economic Problems of the Middle East"; Dr. Alvin C. W. Bahnsen, Professor of Government at Long Island University, who spoke on "The United Nations and International Conflicts"; Dr. Alexander Brody, Professor of History at Yeshiva University, who discussed "International Trade Relations and its Consequences in Regard to War and Peace"; Rabbi Emanuel Rackman, lecturer in Political Science at Yeshiva University and faculty advisor of the Society; Dr. Aaron M. Margalith, Chairman of the Social Science Division at Yeshiva University.

Delegations of I.R.S. members were sent to various intercollegiate conferences. At the annual Conference of the Association of International Relations Societies of the Middle Atlantic Region which this year was held at Johns Hopkins University on December 27, 28, and 29. Stanley Siegel, Chairman of the Yeshiva delegation, was elected chairman of a student seminar which was named by the faculty advisers as the most productive student seminar of the conference.

The Yeshiva delegation to the annual Intercollegiate Model General Assembly of the Middle Atlantic Region which this year was held at Barnard College was equally impressive in its effectiveness and general activity. Stanley Siegel was chairman of the delegation which represented Czechoslovakia at this conference and accordingly presented a genuine Russian party line. Mr. Siegel was elected to the General Assembly office of Rapporteur of the Trusteeship Committee.

All in all, this was truly a successful and encouraging year for the International Relations Society.

Economics Society

Seated, l. to r.: A. Goder, S. Shiff, D. Rogoff, I. Witty, J. Adelman, M. Kain, M. Goldzweig, L. Burack. *Standing, First Row:* D. Kravetz, I. Tennenberg, H. Agress, J. Singer, H. Scheinfeld, A. R. Rothman, N. Wool, S. Siegel. *Second Row:* M. Hyman, M. Schwartz, H. Dryspiel, N. Shulman, S. Raskin, R. Saffer, S. Steinberg.

A comparative newcomer to the roster of extracurricular activities, the Economics Society continued its activities during the 1951-1952 academic year. As in the past the purpose of the club was to stimulate interest among Yeshiva students in domestic and international economic problems, with emphasis on Israel and the Middle East.

The officers of the society, elected at the beginning of the year, included Jack Adelman, president; Milton Kain, vice-president; Irwin Witty, secretary; and Aaron Skaist, treasurer. Dr. Alexander Brody, professor of History and Economics, continued as faculty adviser to the group. David Scheinfeld, former president of the society, also assisted the group in an advisory capacity.

The Economics Society conducted many of its activities in conjunction with the International Relations Society. The two clubs held several lectures jointly. Among these were a talk by Professor Abram Organsky of Brooklyn College on "Israel and the Social and Economic Problems of the Middle East"; an address by General Clark M. Eichelberger, director of the American Association for the United Nations, at a college assembly; and a talk by Professor Brody on "International Trade."

Sociological Society

The Sociological Society was formed this year for the first time. Its purpose was to allow students interested in the social sciences to carry out research and to present their findings at open sessions. Regular meetings were held at which student participation in the group's activities was stressed. Members read papers or delivered lectures on topics of interest to the general student body. Some of these were: "Predicting Success and Failure in Marriage," by Steve Katz, "The Relationship of the Jews to Modern Capitalism," by Ivan Robert Rozen, "Sex and Temperament," by Hyman Shapiro, and "Race Bias in Baltimore," by Isadore Tennenberg.

During the Spring Term, an intense study was made of the attitudes and behavior of Yeshiva College students towards the general curriculum, other students, and the faculty. The entire membership of the society participated in this project and obtained invaluable knowledge and experience in working with new research techniques, and especially in adapting questionnaires to Yeshiva College students. Hyman Shapiro was coordinator of the project.

A special forum was held in March under the joint sponsorship of the Sociological Society, Yeshiva College Student Council, and the Hillel Foundation of Hunter College. The topic was, "How Can American Jewry Be Strengthened?" It attracted a large audience to the Pollack Memorial Library, and proved to be worthy of continuance in the future.

Under the friendly supervision of Professor Nathan Goldberg, the "Soc. Soc." looks forward to a successful future. Officers of the organization during the past year were Bob Rozen, president, and Steve Katz, vice-president.

Seated, l. to r.: I. Tennenberg, R. Rozen, Prof. Goldberg, M. Goldsweig, H. Shapiro. *Standing:* M. Gordon, D. Chanofsky, L. Burack.

VOLUME XXXIV

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The Commentator

HAPPY GRADUATION

NEW YORK CITY, TUESDAY, JUNE 17, 1952 No. 14

The Commentator, in 1951-52, under the editorship of David Mogilner, had an almost unexciting year, yet perhaps one of the most crucial in its history. Handicapped by four resignations and a badly undermanned staff, the burden of work was, of necessity, borne by members of the Governing and Managing Boards. The Commentator Governing Board appointments, as a result of a special agreement reached between Student Council and the Faculty Committee on Student Affairs, had to be ratified by S.C. Furthermore, the agreement called for an alumnus adviser to "Commie," with Rabbi Israel Miller assuming that position. It was the first time in sixteen years of publication that an open hand had been denied to newspaper leaders, and the decision to continue with the set-up was a difficult and crucial one. It was a bold precedent to establish. Editorially, the Commentator bemoaned the state of affairs at Yeshiva that necessitated the "innovations," but rededicated itself to griping about student problems. In issues subsequent to the first two, wherein the above issues were fully aired, the Commentator took up the crusade for the improvement of the Pollack Library, the institution of desirable business courses, a fairer evaluation of the "Incompletes" situation, cleanliness of the school buildings, and a more active Student Council. In turn, it condemned student apathy toward extra-curricular activities (greeting favorably the establishment of the Student Activities Committee), and chastised the lack of discipline during an air-raid drill. The Administration was complimented for dormitory renovations, and the passing of the "Meet the Seniors" column was properly lamented. In a challenging editorial, "Whither Withered Jewry?" the Commentator called upon Yeshiva officials to re-evaluate the goals of the institution to fulfill better our obligations to the American Jewish community.

"Commie" Survey

The Editors conducted a special survey, sampling the knowledge of the student body about its Administration and student leaders. Students were asked to indicate by name the dean, the registrar, the presidents of S.C., of the S.O.Y., and of the T.I.S.C., the editors of Masmid and Commentator, etc. The results, which appeared in print, indicated that 8% of the college student body could not name the dean, 7% did not know the registrar, 48% did not know the president of Student Council, 88% did not know the Masmid editor-in-chief; only 21% did not know The Commentator editor-in-chief.

Features, Functions, and Phys. Ed.

In the feature columns, interviews with Dr. P. Churgin, President of World Mizrachi and Dean of T.I., and Benjamin Browdy, President of the Zionist Congress, discussing the World Zionist Congress were published. Proper treatment was afforded the T.I. and S.O.Y. Chanukah functions, Purim Chagigas, the Dean's Reception, the Freshman Smoker, the Conference of the Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations of America, and the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Physical Education Department. A "Maybe I'm wrong" column by the vice-president of S.C. discussed the awards problem which received editorial treatment as well.

News of School Activities

News columns informed readers about the medical school developments, Rep. Javits' and City Council President Rudolph Halley's addresses to the IRS, club activities, Eranos lectures for freshmen, the granting of the B.R.E. degree by T.I., and the establishment of a full-time audio-visual service at Yeshiva. For the first time, a pre-election issue was published, listing campaign statements of all executive Council nominees. Another first was recorded when The Commentator appeared the day after elections with an election extra.

And Sports

On the sports pages, full coverage was extended to fencing, wrestling, tennis, and soccer activities. The progress of the Y.U.A.A. was reported extensively as were the activities of the basketball squad. Cuts of all Yeshiva's varsity teams were printed in the newspaper. "On The Sidelines," the sport editor's column discussed topics which ran the gamut from an attack on students' lackadaisical attitudes toward Yeshiva sports to a light description of West Point.

Bonanza University

Another first in the history of The Commentator was recorded with the publication of an eight-page Purim edition, along with several six-page issues during the year.

The Staff

Seated, l. to r.: S. Bahn, J. Wohlgelernter, M. Rosenak, L. Levy, S. Steinmetz, H. Shapiro. *Standing:* A. Weisbrod, S. Siegel, M. Goldzweig, A. Gorellic, A. Goder, D. Miller.

Mathematics Club

Seated, l. to r.: S. Steinmetz, A. Goder, S. Hellerstein, L. Levy, N. Katz. *Standing:* W. Wealcatch, H. Furstenberg, M. Cohen, P. Brenner.

The Mathematics Club under the presidency of Simon Hellerstein ran a series of lectures on varied mathematical topics.

A series of two lectures was delivered by a former president of the Math Club, Arthur Rosenfeld, now an M.A. in Math at Columbia University. Simon Hellerstein delivered a lecture on the "Elements of Measure Theory." The fourth lecture was given by Mr. R. V. Heath, a guest lecturer, on the topic of "Multigrades." He was the first guest lecturer to address the Math Club in many years. In the following lecture Harry Furstenberg discussed the "Four Color Problem."

Other guest lecturers were secured for the remainder of the school year. Due to the success of this venture, Mr. Hellerstein assured the Math enthusiasts of an increasing number of guest lecturers in future years.

Pre-Medical Society

For the first time since its inception four years ago, the Pre-medical Society of Yeshiva College was an actively functioning organization. The group met regularly throughout the year and presented programs of interest to the pre-medical students of the college. Lectures were given by faculty members and guest lecturers on topics related to the medical field. Professor Eli M. Levine gave a statistical analysis of the requirements for admission to the medical colleges throughout the country, and discussed the situation existing with regard to foreign schools. He also dealt with the pre-medical program at Yeshiva College. Professor Meyer Atlas lectured on "Biology for the Pre-medical Student" and "Biology and Its Applications Outside of the Medical Field." Dr. Irwin Lourie, regional adviser on T.B. for the American Region of the World Health Organization, conducted a forum on "World Health Problems." Other programs included films, discussions, and reports by the members of the organization.

The Society has a membership of thirty students among whom are majors in Biology, Chemistry, Physics, and Pre-medical and Pre-dental Studies. Walter Silver was president of the organization, and Harry Spiera and Alex Hoffer were vice-president and secretary, respectively.

Seated, l. to r.: R. Starishevsky, A. Taub, S. Shiff, W. Silver, H. Spiera, M. Antelman, S. Greenfield. *Standing:* P. Cleeman, S. Bahn, O. Kratzer, W. Pruzansky, B. Sohn, M. Zundell, S. Foug, S. Dayon.

Le Cercle Francais

Seated, l. to r.: E. Frankel, S. Dayon, E. Birnbaum, H. Dobrinsky, Dr. Braun, Y. Grunbaum, O. Schonthal, A. Krochmal, P. Rudnick. *Standing, first row:* A. Heimowitz, H. Panitch, M. Rosenak, P. Kahn, H. Krystal, R. Saal, J. Wallin, N. Walles, A. Borow. *Back row:* J. Shalom, L. Taubes, A. Keehn, J. Etner, I. Haut, J. Gross, J. Levine, M. Freundlich.

Le Cercle Français has had one of its most active years during the 1951-52 season. *Le Flambeau* was published again, under the editorship of Jules Ehrman, and received wide acclamation from scholars all over the United States, as well as a prominent position in the State Department's exhibition of French periodicals in America.

A number of prominent speakers again addressed the French Club members, the first being Dr. G. Delatour who spoke on "French Sociology." In addition, two French conversational groups, led by Jack Kronengold and Yechiel Greenbaum, were also featured.

A series of French film programs on a wide variety of topics were made available by the Franco-American Distribution Center. The films dealt with well-known French personalities, places, and industries, and were all well attended.

An entirely new branch of French activities was added this year with the initiation of the Omega Alpha chapter of Pi Delta Phi at Yeshiva. This is a French honorary society whose purpose is to spread French civilization. New members are accepted on the basis of outstanding scholarship.

Officers of the organization were: Ori Schonthal, president, Ervin Birnbaum, vice-president, Herbert Krystal, secretary, and Arthur Krochmal, treasurer.

Dramatic Society

In the past few years the Dramatic Society has been almost non-existent in Yeshiva extra-curricular activities. This year the society performed at the two Student Council functions: the Freshman Smoker and the Dean's Reception. At the latter an interesting experiment was performed. Selections from Christopher Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus* were given a dramatic interpretation. The Society also performed before Teachers' Institute audience and presented a commendable performance at the T.I. Chanukah Chagiga.

The *piece de resistance* for the Society was to have been the production of "Home of the Brave," sponsored by the Alumni Association in connection with the Student Council. This project did not materialize, but it was a noble experiment.

This represents some improvement. And this organization, while still growing, will certainly be-

Seated, l. to r.: L. Aronson, S. Steinmetz, S. Gewirtz, A. Deutsch, E. Tokayer. *Standing:* L. Levy, S. Katz, H. Goder, B. Eckstein, I. Goodman, J. Friedman.

come more active as time goes on. The president of the Society, Sidney J. Gewirtz, offers a few suggestions for increasing the activity in dramatics at Yeshiva University:

1) Students interested in drama should group together to form a solid nucleus for a Dramatic Society, which can develop with each presentation.

2) This group should plan its own program *before* being invited to a student affair such as the Dean's Reception or any other official function.

3) The Dramatic Society should be given more consideration and aid. It should be a recognized and an important activity at Yeshiva University.

Y. U. Drive

The Y.U. Drive for Charities was established in 1951 for the dual purpose of alleviating the pressure of constant appeals in Yeshiva, and to attain better results through concerted effort.

Marty Lindenbaum was appointed by the Inter-University Council to head this campaign designed to cut across all "political" and departmental barriers in its search for a pot of gold. Mr. Lindenbaum chose Norman Wool as assistant chairman. As of June 1951, a total of $1777.96 was collected, of which 60% went to the United Jewish Appeal, 30% to Israeli Yeshivos, and 10% to miscellaneous charities in the United States.

For the 1952 campaign, the Inter-University Council appointed Irwin Shapiro as chairman, Danny Bonchek and Otto Newman as assistant chairmen. At a joint meeting of the college, T.I., and R.I.E.T.S. student councils, the following allotments were made: 35% to Pe-eyleh, a voluntary organization in Israel and America attending to the religious education of immigrants in the temporary camp; 35% to the United Jewish Appeal; and 30% for the American-Israeli Torah Center, better known as Tashbar.

Seated, l. to r.: H. Scheinfeld, M. Lindenbaum, N. Wool, A. Schneier. *Standing, first row:* G. Metzger, B. Reiss, I. Goodman, A. Lichter, M. Rubinstein. *Back row:* M. Nussenbaum, I. Shapiro, D. Sterman, S. Feder, A. Lichtenstein.

Irwin Shapiro and his associates have decided to retain last year's system of collecting the funds. They are including, in addition, the faculty, graduate school, Kolel, and the Brooklyn branches of the high school.

FEN

One of the most successful Yeshiva intercollegiate activities is fencing. Since the beginning of competition three years ago, the fencing team has won all of its duêl meets except three. During its first year the inexperienced duelers defeated Hunter College Veterans and Cooper Union, 19-8 and 14-13 respectively, thus ending the season undefeated. The second season of competition saw the duelers undertaking a more ambitious schedule. They finished the season victorious over Fordham, Cooper Union, Fairleigh Dickinson, and St. Peter's College, and losing only against the New Jersey State Teachers' College and Brooklyn College. This year the team has built up an enviable record of six wins and one loss. The 1951-1952 record is as follows:

Yeshiva U.	15	Syracuse U.	12
Yeshiva U.	16	Cooper Union	11
Yeshiva U.	17	Pace College	10
Yeshiva U.	16	Fordham U.	11
Yeshiva U.	8	Brooklyn College	19
Yeshiva U.	14	St. Peters College	13
Yeshiva U.	17	Paterson State Teachers	10

The total record of the fencing team stands at 12 won and 3 lost.

First row, l. to r.: H. Rosenberg, S. Inbger, J. Mogilner. *Second row:* N. Tokayer, A. Seagul, W. Millen, N. Toporovsky, M. Korn, S. Siegel, S. April. *Third row:* F. Klein, N. Hecht, O. Schonthal, D. Mostofsky, Captain N. Shulman, H. Panitch, S. Feder, E. Tokayer.

CING

The coach of the fencing team is Mr. Arthur Tauber, undefeated intercollegiate fencing champion, from 1939 to 1942, All-American, and assistant coach of the United States Olympic Fencing Team in 1946. Mr. Tauber soon endeared himself to the student body. His gentlemanly bearing and superior skill in teaching fencing has made it one of the most popular sports in Yeshiva. Because of this the fencing squad, already consisting of more than a score of duelers, has many freshman recruits and can look forward to an even more successful future.

Arthur Tauber
Coach

The three-weapon fencing squad is captained by Nisson Shulman, an outstanding foilsman who has led the team to victory after victory. Nisson is the only graduating member of the squad and has served in active competition for three years, fencing in a total of forty-eight competition bouts.

The members of the varsity include: Foil—Bill Millen, Aryeh Seagull, Marshall Korn, Herbert Panitch; Epee—David Mostofsky, Samuel Feder, Neil Hecht, Fred Klein, Ori Schonthal; Sabre—Norman Toporovsky, Eugene Tokayer, Norman Tokayer, Herbert Rosenberg, Joseph Mogilner.

Mr. Bernard Sarachek
Coach

Edward Jakubovitz
Athletic Manager

For the second consecutive year the Mites of Yeshiva suffered through a very disappointing season as they posted an unimpressive 4 won and 14 lost record. The loss of Artie Stein, 6'.6 center and captain of last year's team, coupled with a mid-season injury to Reuben Davidman was more than enough to impede the flow of Mite victories.

The most enjoyable aspects of the past season were Marvin Hershkowitz's record breaking feats, and Yeshiva's first weekend game played away from home against Lycoming College in Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

Due to the loss of Stein, the entire offense had to be changed and built around the Bronx Bull, Marvin Hershkowitz. Alternating between the pivot and the outside it was all Hershkowitz as far as Yeshiva fans were concerned. Scoring at a phenomenal pace in the early part of February, Hershkowitz dropped 106 points through the hoop during a three-game period. Scoring forty-one points against Cathedral, he set a new Blue and White scoring record for a single game. This performance received the plaudits of Coach Bernard "Red" Saracheck as he called it "the greatest performance I have ever seen in the sixteen years I've been coaching basketball." Hershkowitz continued this superlative play as he scored thirty-nine, twenty-six, and thirty-eight points in the following games against Paterson Teachers, Fairleigh Dickinson, and Montclair Teachers.

Ruby Davidman and Nate Krieger
Co-Captains

BALL

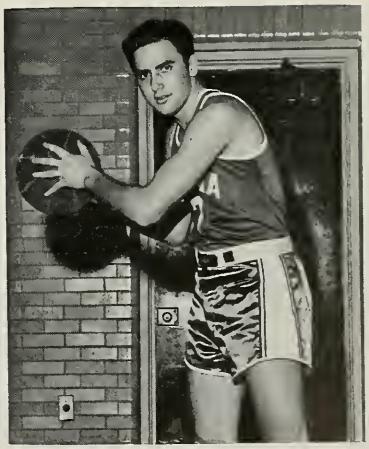
Bottom Row l. to r.: "Red" Sarachek, I. Forman, M. Hershkowitz, L. Staiman, R. Davidman, N. Krieger, M. Narrowe, E. Levine, A. Stein, Assistant Coach. *Top Row l. to r.:* R. Shuchalter, J. Citron, C. Freundlich.

Co-captains Ruby Davidman and Nate Krieger, Elihu Levine, and Morty Narrowe rounded out the starting five for the Saracheckeers. Davidman was the rebound bulwark for the Mites while Krieger's set shot gave the squad its only dependable outside shot. Levine showed the signs of becoming the great basketball player he can be, by developing into a most competent backcourt man. Narrowe with his speed, spirit, and springboard legs was the "holler-guy" who continually lit the fire under a listless team.

Yeshiva came up with a fine crop of freshmen who in their first year of varsity play showed some promise and finally gave the Heighters a dependable bench to fall back on. Known as the "freshmen flashes," Allan Gewirtz, Ralph Shuchalter, Jay Citron, and Charles Freundlich more than made up for their lack of experience as they impressed the fans with their spirited play.

Sophomores Irv Forman, Abe Morhaim, Larry Staiman also were very noticeable with their performance during the past season.

Yeshiva		*Opponent*
59	Webb Institute	50
53	Pace	57
58	Panzer	74
38	St. Francis	66
48	Bloomfield	44
53	Rider	56
48	Queens	71
48	Adelphi	77
91	Cathedral	71
63	Lycoming	76
79	Paterson State	87
42	Fairleigh Dickinson	82
46	Panzer	66
73	Montclair State	79
56	Cathedral	68
50	Brooklyn	69



Marv Hershkowitz

Soccer

First row, l. to r.: E. Birnbaum, S. Ingber, J. Holstein. *Second row:* C. Cohen, Coach Maier, B. Puchowitz. *Third row:* M. Weiss, G. Shamizadek, T. Treitel.

After several unsuccessful attempts to organize itself, the Soccer Team finally came into existence in December 1951. At that time the team had enormous difficulties to overcome:

It had no technical facilities at its disposal—uniforms or soccer shoes; it was forced to practice in a gymnasium instead of in an outdoor playing field.

In spite of these and other obstacles, the team conditioned itself for their first game against the Maccabi Athletic Club of New York City. Yeshiva's Soccer Team won 3-2!

Never would the team have reached this stage of thorough organization that enables it to play recognized teams, were it not for the cooperative spirit, great effort, and tireless work exhibited by the players. The members, captained by Joe Holstein, obtained the technical equipment necessary for a soccer team. They secured a brilliant coach and adviser, Mr. Nat Maier.

At present the team consists of the following members: Yonah Alexandrovitz, Charles Cohen, Sidney Ingber, Ervin Birnbaum, Joseph Mogilner, Bernard Puchowitz, Joseph Schiff, Philip Schwabel, Zvi Stehen, Teddy Treitel, Moshe Weiss, and George Shamizadek.

As for the future, the players decided to subject themselves to intensive training since it is their intention and ambition to be able to enter the Intercollegiate Soccer League.

Tennis

The Yeshiva College Tennis Team was reorganized and revitalized during the past year. The early selection of Mr. Eli Epstein, famous tennis pro, as coach of the varsity, served as the impetus which carried the team through practice throughout the indoor season and a rough schedule in the Spring. Coach Epstein, who numbers among his pupils many of the tennis "greats" of the past few years, selected as his assistant coaches two of his most promising proteges, Steve Bank and Marvin Rothman.

The schedule proved to be an ambitious and rough one, but each match was played as if it was the only one that counted. The program included games with Brooklyn College, Columbia University, Queens College, United States Military Academy (West Point), Upsala, New York State Maritime Academy, Pace College, Rider College, and Long Island University.

Members of the varsity were Stanley Siegel, captain, Josh Taragin, David Lifshitz, Hank Schwabbe, and Elihu Levine. Jerry Kejsman and Aaron Borow were manager and assistant manager, respectively.

First row, l. to r.: D. Lifshitz, S. Gewirtz, A. Borow, S. Siegel. *Second row:* E. Horn, M. Rechtschaffen, A. Kramer, M. Gootkin. *Third row:* D. Miller, A. Gewirtz.

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Printed by The Comet Press, Inc., 200 Varick St., New York 14, N. Y. 65